

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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\* With this number of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated Supplement, entitled "Christmas Gifts," dealing with the books in the COUNTRY LIFE Library series, which form such excellent volumes for presentation at this season of the year.

## MR. THOMAS HARDY ON DIALECT.

MR. WILLIAM BARNES was a poet greatly prized by the most eminent of his friends and immediate successors, among whom one of the most eminent is Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist. Mr. Hardy has edited the new edition of Barnes, brought out by Henry Frowde. In the course of a vivacious introduction he takes occasion to lament the passing away of local *patois*. "Education in the West of England," he says, "has gone on with its silent and inevitable effacement, reducing the speech of this country to uniformity, and obliterating every year many a fine local word." With sadness he describes the process. Plain country John, when he uses a provincial word such as "nobbut" is in one part of England, and "worra" in another, is ridiculed into silence. He does not himself know anything of the history or etymology of the word. What he does learn very speedily is that its use is accepted as a sign of clownishness and, as few men can stand being laughed at, he drops the word. Should he himself be stubborn enough to cling to the ancient speech, his children do not do so. They are daily using and learning two languages, one of which is from the home and the other that of the schoolmaster. Among themselves they, for a while at least, talk dialect, but the teacher, who, under present arrangements, is almost certain to have come from a distance, insists on what he calls "proper words," and in the end the schoolmaster is bound to win. Or, as Mr. Hardy says, "the process is always the same, the word is ridiculed by the newly taught; it gets into disgrace; it is heard in holes and corners only; it dies, and worst of all it leaves no synonym." Mr. Hardy laments this. It is evident to him that the operation impoverishes the country. *Patois* is not, as some appear to think, a corruption of pure English. It is a language itself. Scores of words that to the half-illiterate reader appear uncouth

and meaningless, are survivals from a time when men spoke the language Chaucer wrote, and during the passage of ages have gathered associations that vary and enlarge their meaning. Mr. Hardy insists upon this as far as regards the language that Barnes wrote. "The Dorset dialect being," he says, "or having been a tongue, and not a corruption, it is the old question over again, that of the translation of poetry; which, to the full, is admittedly impossible." He goes on to recall the criticism of those who used to regret that William Barnes should write in a fast-perishing tongue. The same thing was said of Robert Burns, between whom and Barnes Mr. Hardy makes some comparison, which is, by the way, rather in favour of the Southern poet. We may learn something of the use of dialect, however, by considering the fact that Barnes is neglected for his use of it, while Burns is not.

The truth would appear to be that the Scottish poet, by his energy of thought and language and by the vividness of his imagination, rose above the trammels of dialect. Phrases of his, such as "A man's a man for a' that," "Facts are chieft that winna ding," "For auld lang syne," have won their way into the general language mainly by the force of meaning with which he suffused them. Burns wrote in dialect because it came natural to him to do so. It was what he had lisped as a baby, it was what he had talked at school. William Barnes, on the contrary, was a very cultivated and clever man, who saw, as Mr. Hardy sees, much neglected merit in dialect, and therefore chose to make use of it. Besides, his judgment in its favour was not altogether made on lingual grounds. Mr. Hardy points out very justly that the "assumed character of husbandman or hamleteer enabled him to elude in his verse those dreams and speculations that cannot leave alone the mystery of things—possibly an unworthy mystery, and disappointing if solved, though one that has a harrowing fascination for many poets—and helped him to fall back on dramatic truth, by making his personages express the notions of life prevalent in their sphere." In a word, William Barnes descended to the level of the peasants both in regard to language and thought; Burns wrote their language and thought their thought, but with an added force and an enlarged view that carried everything into that illimitable space that extends beyond the peasants' horizon. Granting all that can be said in favour of William Barnes as a poet of wonderful tenderness and insight, as an artist who loved the deliberately chosen and beautiful phrase and word, yet it must be admitted that, to some extent at least, he was artificial in so far as he rhymed in the language of the humblest members of his congregation and not in the tongue which had been taught him out of the Bible and other works in which the standard of English prose is enshrined.

On the whole, then, it is doubtful if the falling off in the popularity of William Barnes is to be altogether attributed to the fact that he wrote in dialect. But that does not hinder us from sympathising with Mr. Thomas Hardy in his grief that the old-world forms of speech should be passing away. It may possibly be that our view is prejudiced, but the present-day slang, which, to a large extent, is replacing the dialect of the past, seems to be harder and less malleable than words that have been lost. Many of the expressions of Barnes are full of that indefinite beauty which is of the very essence of poetry. The modern speech is undoubtedly very direct, clear, sharply definite, poignant and often clever; but it has grown up so rapidly that it has not had time to gather to itself those varying shades of meaning that attach to an older word, and enlarge its significance so that it conveys to the mind far more than can be set down in print. Mr. Hardy dwells on this point in certain remarks which he makes about the vocabularies in respect to the glosses and paraphrases given on each page of the edition he has published—"It may be assumed that they are but a sorry substitute for the full significance the original words bear to those who read them without translation, and know their delicate ability to express the doings, joys and jests, troubles, sorrows, needs and sicknesses of life in the rural world as elsewhere." When *huffen* is translated by blustering, for instance, or *eggrass* by the aftermath, or *all vootless* by the untrodden, the reader gets an explanation that only approximates to the truth. The folk-word to him that knows it conveys very much more than its equivalent in ordinary English speech.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Teck. Her Royal Highness is a sister of H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and her marriage to Captain H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck took place in 1904.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

**N**O praise can be too great for the persistence with which Lord Roberts, in season and out of season, preaches the necessity of taking adequate steps for the defence of the nation. He raised the question once more in the House of Lords on Monday night, and the country eagerly awaited, and as eagerly discussed, the report of the debate. The chief point made by Lord Roberts is that it is not sufficient for Great Britain to have a Navy, even though the Prime Minister has given his unqualified adherence to the two-Power formula. We live in an age of scientific discovery, and recent events have rendered the possibility of the landing of a hostile army on our shores much greater than it used to be. Therefore, Lord Roberts argues, with incontrovertible logic, it is necessary for us to have an army of defence as well as a great Navy. Our soldiers are not sufficient in numbers, and his object was to impress upon the Government the urgent need of rendering our land forces more efficient. Lord Milner described the answer of Lord Crewe by the word "shilly-shallying." The Ministers say that they have a scheme, but that at the present moment it would be imprudent to disclose it. We can only hope that they will be as good as their word.

There seems to us a way out of the difficulty which is well worth considering. Mr. Asquith has told us that the present Government does not mean to go out of office until a new Franchise Bill has been passed, and the inference is that it will be a manhood franchise. What then ought to constitute manhood in the eyes of the State? Undoubtedly the ability and the willingness to take a share in the defence of the country. It would put the vote on a new and sounder basis if the franchise were only granted to those who had received such military or naval training as would enable them to take part in the national defence. Their having done so would be a guarantee of patriotism, and surely those who are not prepared to lift a hand in the defence of the country can scarcely have any claim to take part in its government. The qualification would have the great advantage of doing away with the invidiousness attaching to a merely property qualification.

No doubt it may be said that there are many men unfit to bear arms by age or frailty, but who, nevertheless, are well qualified to give strength to the councils of the nation. But the difficulty this suggests is in reality imaginary. The test easily could be made that they had volunteered their services, and that these services had been rejected by the authorities for valid reasons. The object should be to include the willing in the franchise and to exclude those who are unwilling. The change, we feel sure, would greatly conduce to the growth of a new manfulness and a sense of responsibility among the electors. It is by manhood that any foe must ultimately be repelled, and, therefore, the showing of manhood in the most patriotic manner that can be conceived of ought to be the first qualification for the possession and exercise of a vote.

Concerning the New Education Bill, which has been brought forward in the House of Commons, the way of the weary householder will be to breathe an ejaculation of thanks

that at last a compromise has been effected. The question, in spite of all the heated argument that has taken place, has from the beginning only had a doubtful interest for the general public, who are convinced that the combatants have been to a great extent fighting the air. Broadly speaking, the religion of this country is Christianity, and the public are satisfied to know that its principles are taught in their simplest and least controversial form. That being assured, the details over which various branches of the same creed argue sink into their natural and relative position. In the din of conflict there was danger that this elementary principle would be lost sight of and that the country would be allowed to relapse into secular education through the paralysis which is a common effect of dissension. The ratepayer, now that a working compromise has been arrived at, will hope that the question may be allowed to rest for a time. There has been too much agitation.

It would take more than a prophet to forecast the course of domestic politics during the next few weeks or even days. Lord Lansdowne and his fellow-peers have decided to administer the *coup de grâce* to Mr. Asquith's unfortunate Licensing Bill, and the quidnuncs are asking what the next step is to be. The Liberals are not likely to go to the country on this measure, because it is the other side which has commanded most support at the bye-elections. If they do not do so, there will probably be another adjournment for the Christmas holidays, and this long Session will be resumed in January. At any rate, material for abundance of debate has been provided in the Education Bill, to which reference has already been made, and the new Irish Land Bill, the clauses of which are studded with contentious points. Many varying rumours are afloat as we write. It is an open secret that many Liberals would have preferred to go to the country on the temperance cry, while others are in favour of dealing with "the Trade" in a financial manner which would preclude any interference on the part of the House of Lords.

### SUNSET.

To night the restless town goes on  
Unheeding that the bells of eve  
Have rung for mirth's oblivion,  
Have rung for care's reprieve.

O'er banks of cloud strange splendours rise,  
While still the laughter rings, they come  
Flooding across our common skies  
With voice of wind, and foam.

In garden bowers the lonely rose,  
The regal pine wins rarest worth,  
Lit by that sea of light, which flows  
Round all the shores of earth.

And where the terrace fronts the West,  
When heart's desire hath waxen deep,  
A wanderer from the town, at rest,  
Folds now his hands for sleep.

MAUDE GOLDRING.

At a most unfortunate time of the year cattle disease has broken out in the United States of America. Our Board of Agriculture has prohibited the landing of cattle from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and the facts now made public show that the prohibition was thoroughly justified. From Reuter it is learnt that the cattle-breeders of the States of New York and Pennsylvania have not been permitted to exhibit cattle at the International Stock Show at Chicago, owing to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease in these States. At Buffalo business has been reduced to a standstill; the cattle pens are in quarantine, and the railway companies have been requested to cancel all orders for shipments of cattle or swine to or through that city. The effects of all this will be widely felt, particularly by the shipping engaged in the transport of beef. Great Britain, shut off from what has for some time been a regular source of supply, will probably experience a considerable rise in the price of beef before Christmas, that is to say, at the time when consumption is at its highest. Our farmers may possibly stand to gain something out of the situation, but that will not prevent them from extending a genuine sympathy to their American friends who are affected directly or indirectly by the outbreak.

The appointment of Dr. S. F. Harmer, F.R.S., to the keepership of Zoology at the British Museum of Natural History marks a return to the old order of things which prevailed something more than a decade ago, when the department was administered by Dr. A. L. Günther. The appointment of Dr. Harmer has not been made hastily, and there can be no question that the selection of the trustees is one which will meet with general approval among those best qualified to



judge in these matters. For the new keeper, though new to Civil Service rules and regulations, has had considerable experience in museum administration, since for some years he has been the superintendent of the University Museum of Zoology at Cambridge. He has also had a long training of a different kind as fellow and tutor of King's College, Cambridge. Work of this kind demands a wide knowledge of biology; but Dr. Harmer has acted on the rule that a man should know something of everything and everything of something, for he possesses an unrivalled knowledge of those lowly organisms, the polyzoa—creatures which include a number of colony-forming animals, which, to the uninitiated, pass for seaweeds.

The first meeting of the session of the British Ornithologists' Union was in many ways a memorable one; for, in addition to a number of more or less remarkable birds exhibited by Mr. Walter Rothschild, several of which were new to science, some noteworthy additions were made to the list of our British birds, which Mr. J. L. Bonhote brought to the notice of the members. The most interesting was perhaps Pallas's grasshopper-warbler (*Locustella certhiola*), sent by Mr. R. H. Barrington. This bird, an immature example, was picked up dead at the Rockabill Lighthouse, County Dublin, on September 28th. It is an Eastern Asiatic species and appears to have occurred only once previously in Europe, when a specimen was procured by the late Herr Gätke in Heligoland on August 13th, 1858. Dr. C. B. Ticehurst exhibited a specimen of the Northern willow-warbler (*Phylloscopus trochilus Eversmanni*), obtained from one of the South Coast lighthouses. This little bird is scarcely distinguishable from the common willow-warbler, but appears to be a bird of passage with us hitherto unsuspected.

With regard to the "eclipse" plumages of ducks, Mr. Bonhote showed in the first place that the sheldrake, in both sexes, underwent a partial "eclipse" wherein the plumage recalled that of immature birds. Such a change in the sheldrake had never been suspected by ornithologists; but since both sexes of this bird are brilliantly coloured it is not surprising to find that both participate in assuming a partial non-breeding dress. But Mr. Bonhote had another surprise. He showed that the female widgeon assumed an eclipse dress, and hinted at the possibility of showing that a similar change occurs in the case of the mallard. Herein, we need hardly remark, in both species the females are utterly unlike the males. After this it will be unwise to protest that we have nothing more to learn with regard to British birds.

From time to time we receive enquiries about the trout which have been introduced to the Antipodes and have increased in number and bulk so marvellously in the big rivers with their almost unlimited supplies of food. Especial enquiry is directed to the willingness or reluctance of those fish, when they grow to their large size, to rise to fly. Lately we have had a communication from an angler in New Zealand who has been catching the brown trout up to 16lb. in weight and rainbows up to 14lb. Both kinds rose well to fly and were all taken by that lure, though he does not state whether the fly was fished wet or dry, down stream or up, nor the kind of fly that was used. He mentions, however, that in his opinion the 14lb. rainbow trout in those waters will give better sport than the 16lb. brown trout. That, however, is only analogous to our experience at home with our own smaller fish of the two species. If only the rainbow would stay in our little streams as they do in the bigger rivers elsewhere!

Mr. Henry Vivian touched a weak point the other night in his discourse on co-operation in housing. Working-men often find it a fatal objection to trying to own their houses that it ties them to a certain locality. In many callings a worker often discovers that it is to his advantage to change from one town to another as business fluctuates. But suppose he has a house in Manchester and finds work in Birmingham, the house is in danger of becoming an encumbrance. He is probably unable to sell it at a moment's notice except at a loss, and the letting of a single house is generally an unprofitable piece of business. Mr. Henry Vivian pointed a way out of the difficulty. This is by the issue of scrip which can be transferred at par. Thus, a man who, through a building society or otherwise, has come to be the owner of a house can, when convenient, obtain its exact value in money. Indeed, there is no reason why he should not be able to exchange his house in one town with a house in another town, provided both properties are managed by the same society. The idea is an excellent one, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Henry Vivian and others who are interested in the development of garden cities will give it the necessary elaboration.

For a Bill which is really one of rather local character, that which is about to be brought before Parliament for the sanction of a new harbour, capable of accommodating the largest vessels,

at Plymouth, excites quite an unusual amount of public interest. It is an interest, moreover, which will not be confined to Great Britain. The stream of American visitors which comes to us annually is at present directed upon Liverpool. If, as the West Country folk hope and believe is likely to be the case, this stream is to a great extent diverted so as to impinge upon Plymouth—in some ways a far preferable port, because of the delays and frequent fogs in the Mersey's estuary—it will make an immense difference not only to Plymouth itself, but also to the many towns of interest, such as Exeter, Salisbury and so on, which lie more or less on the direct line between Plymouth and the metropolis. The financial value of the American visitor is not nearly as well appreciated by them now as by such a town as Chester, which lies on the way from Liverpool to London; but they will quickly learn to adapt themselves to their altered circumstances and to make their profit out of them. Naturally the Great Western and London and South Western Railway Companies are deeply interested. If the proposed scheme is carried out the dock will be the largest in the United Kingdom.

#### CATULLUS. CARMEN IV.

##### HIS SHIP.

Yon ship you see, my masters, was, says she,  
The swiftest of all vessels; could outrun  
All craft afloat, whether with oars or sail,  
Which nor the snarling Adriatic, no,  
Nor Cycladean Islands can gainsay,  
Nor noble Rhodes, nor e'en inclement Thrace,  
Propontis, nor the boorish Pontic bay,  
Where, once, she stood, or ever a ship was she,  
A forest, all a-blowing; for 'twas there  
Upon Cyturus' crag, that, many a time  
With lipping leaves she whispered; "Aye" (says she)  
"Pontic Amastis, and ye box-wood groves  
Thick on Cyturus, ye know I speak true;  
In the long past I stood upon your heights  
Into your waters first I dipped the oar,  
And thence upon so many fretful seas  
Have borne my Master, whether on the port  
Or starboard blew the breeze, or full behind  
Fair winds of Heaven crowded all my sail.  
No prayers" (quoth she) "I made to sea-shore Gods  
That time, I weathered my last sea of all  
And moored me on this limpid lake at last." . . .  
But that is ancient story . . . Here she lies  
In this sequestered haven, softly sleeps,  
An aged craft, and dedicates herself  
To Thee, Twin Castor, twain with Castor's Twin.

E. CLOUGH TAYLOR.

It is not often that an appointment is favoured with as much universal approval as that of Lord Redesdale to the Trusteeship of the National Gallery, in the place of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael. By every quality the new trustee is ideally fitted for the position. He has great knowledge, great taste and, in respect of the art of the Far East generally and of Old Japan in particular, he can have very few rivals as a connoisseur. He has made at his own home, Batsford Park, near Moreton-in-the-Marsh, of which illustrations and descriptions have been placed before readers of these pages, a garden of rare beauty and interest. The general public is not aware of the extent of its debt to Lord Redesdale for the trouble he took in supervising the landscape-gardening in Hyde Park when he was Secretary to the Office of Works. Previously to that, he was in the Diplomatic Service.

The awarding of the Nobel prizes is an event of sufficient importance to note. Each prize amounts to £7,640, and this sum will be distributed next month. The prize for medicine and physiology is divided between two eminent biologists, Professor Metchnikoff, the director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and Dr. Ehrlich, director of the Therapeutic Institute, Frankfort. Professor Rutherford of Manchester University receives the prize for chemistry, and Professor Max Plank of Berlin that for physics. But the most gratifying award of the four is the prize for literature, which is to be given to Mr. Swinburne, who, we are informed, is recognised as the foremost of living poets.

Old church plate grows so much more valuable with the passage of the years that it is impossible to avoid a feeling of anxiety as to its proper custody. To meet this a suggestion has been brought forward by Mr. Arthur F. G. Leveson-Gower that the time has come when all valuable church plate as well as parish registers should be taken from the insecure receptacles where they are now kept and placed in museums or official record offices. There, at any rate, their value would be properly appreciated and safeguarded. At present, plate is carelessly put away, or even left to the sexton's charge in many cases. When it does happen to be stored, the thief is at once able to locate it, and the chances are in favour of his being able to steal it.



## THE WINTER GRAYLING.



A. H. Robinson.

A FAVOURITE REACH ON THE SWALE.

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IT is one of the most blessed dispensations of the scheme of angling that as trout go "out" grayling come "in." If it were not so, thousands of hardy anglers would be left lamenting that they had nothing to do during the winter months. As it is, no sooner does the trout-fisher make his last cast over the last rising trout he dares to covet than he puts on a cast of grayling flies and makes essay to fill his creel with the beautiful, shapely and gamesome fish which has well been christened "Our Lady of the Stream." For the grayling is truly of the same nature as lovely woman herself—one moment shy and the next bold, one day capricious and to-morrow stern and determined in her designs on the angler's lures. Her moods are various, her temper fickle, but she is always beautiful with her glowing colours, her shapely lines, her feathery dorsal fin, while the sweet aroma of her body is like a delicate perfume and gives her a distinctive characteristic which belongs to herself alone. Yes, the grayling is a handsome fish and mettlesome withal, and he who has never stood in a shallow stream on a sharp November day and enjoyed the luxury of a rough-and-tumble fight with a dancing and curvetting grayling, well hooked, has missed one of the sweetest joys that falls to the lot of the angler. Every year as the grayling season comes round, the angling papers re-open that old and wearisome question, Are grayling harmful to trout waters? A few old-fashioned trout-anglers will have nothing to do with the grayling. They profess to believe that Nature intended the trout to dwell alone, and if outsiders must invade his domain, they are foolish enough to say they would rather have the pike and be done with it. They argue that the grayling is the stronger fish, that he elbows the trout away from his accustomed

feeding-grounds, and, worst of all, they indict him for that he, with deliberate intent, follows the trout to their winter spawning-grounds and there digs up and devours the newly-shed ova. A terrible charge, to be sure; but where are the proofs? Fish for fish, the trout is a match for the grayling. There are scores of rivers where these fish dwell together side by side in perfect amity, and if there is any fighting, if anybody has to be shoved to the wall, experience shows it is not the trout. The fact is that the trout is a bold and hardy fish, he can take care of himself; and so far from allowing himself to be dispossessed by the grayling, observation of some of our Yorkshire rivers proves that if one of the varieties suffers, it is the grayling. Possibly Nature meant them to abide in brotherly love together; at any rate, the grayling is the only member of the coarse-fish family which so nearly resembles the trout in all its habits and characteristics that there is no marked difference between them, except that they spawn at different periods of the year. The trout loves a bright, shallow and gravel-bottomed stream, with here and there a quiet restful pool; so does the grayling. The trout is a sur ace feeder and takes the fly; the grayling has the same characteristic. The

trout is a bold biter and a stern fighter; so is the grayling. The trout is wary, cautious, sly and not to be taken only with care and circumspection; so is the grayling. But why pursue the point? The grayling is here, and he is here to stay. The Eden Fishery Board—alone, I think, of all the fishery boards of this country—may net him and leave him to rot on the banks; but in many another part of the country more discerning anglers rejoice that this spirited fish comes to fill the gap between October and March. Francis put



A DECEMBER DAY.

the case in his common-sense way, thus: "The fact is, no doubt, that you cannot keep as many trout in as good condition in your stream if you have grayling in it also as you can if you have not; but if you are willing, for the sake of extending your sport through the winter, to do with a few less trout, you can, with a little management, have both in any proportions you may elect, if the river is suitable for both." The key of the situation rests in that sentence. If the river is suitable for both, you are all right, and as it happens that nearly all trout rivers are suitable for grayling, it is no wonder that the latter fish are being heavily stocked each year, and that fish-rearing establishments which have made a speciality of the grayling have recently been doing remarkably good business.

For myself, I place grayling-fishing next to trouting. All my grayling have been caught in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, which, with Worcestershire and Shropshire, are among the best English grayling counties. For the grayling is not a widely-distributed fish, by any means. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire he is almost as abundant as trout, which is saying a great deal; Shropshire, Herefordshire and Hampshire hold big stores of him; Northumberland has some good grayling streams; the English Lake District, where are some of the best trout streams in this happy land of ours, does not hold a single grayling, though the Cumberland Eden, on the fringe of the Lake Country, holds a few, which the authorities are doing their best to exterminate by a senseless policy of repression; Lancashire, again, has none, though in the Lune and the Wyre it has two splendid trout rivers; and in Scotland the Tweed swarms with them. They run to a good size. There seem to be no little grayling as there are little trout; and in fishing rivers where the size limit, both of trout and grayling, is 7in. or 8in., though I have had to put back countless under-sized trout, I never remember taking a single grayling too small to retain. I should say my average weight of grayling has been 4lb. They regularly run up to 1lb., and fish of 2lb., 3lb. and thereabouts are caught every season, while the waters of Hampshire and Shropshire occasionally yield monsters up to 5lb. Obviously, fish capable of such growth yield plenty of sport. So long as the fly lasts, it provides the best lure for grayling. As a rule, you may say that fly is available up to about the end of November, and in a mild winter even later. It is rare, however, that grayling are caught on fly after December has come in. Simultaneously with the fly, the maggot is a capital lure; but by and by, when the frost comes, the maggot is of little use. Then is the time when the worm is all-triumphant, and a little red cockspur on a sharp day in December, or even January, fished in a well-stocked stream, may quite easily account for its twenty or thirty fish. The grayling haunts



A. H. Robinson.

## SWIMMING THE WORM.

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the same type of water as the trout. A favourite spot is the "lip" of a pool. By that is meant the end of a rushing stream, just where the bed shelves and allows the water to form a deep and slumberous pool. The edges of a sharp and turbulent rapid are also good grayling "holds," and if the rapid has, as it is sure to have, a few big boulders in its course against which the water breaks, you may be sure of a good-sized fish behind each boulder if you have skill and luck enough to send your fly or worm so that it shall strike the stone and then naturally flow down one or other of its sides. As it sweeps by the boulder a grayling leaps out, and the next moment your rod bends and your line is pulled taut, and below the creamy foam of the current you see the gleaming shape of your quarry. Still another good haunt is a long and open shallow, say a gravelly bed, a few hundred yards long, wide, spacious, clear and not more than 20in. or 30in. deep. In some parts these are called "fords," and the name indicates the style of stream I have in my mind's eye. On an open day in winter, say at midday, when the sun is shining, you may take a dozen good fish in an hour in such a place if it holds anything like a store. As to the choice of fly, do not be misled by the common notion that anything gaudy will do. Like all with the feminine temperament, the grayling is attracted by a splash of scarlet or a glint of gold, and such flies as the Red Tag or Wickham's Fancy are usually irresistible. But if there should be a batch of real fly on the water, put away your tag and your Wickham, and find some such sober-garbed fly as the water-hen bloa or the dark snipe, and it will do greater execution in those circumstances than the gaudiest concoction you can fish out of your tackle-book. A dark needle and an orange partridge are two remarkably good grayling flies, and in Yorkshire a local fly, known as Bradshaw's Fancy, holds pride of place on the Wharfedale and Yordale streams. As the season

advances the fly loses its seductiveness. Then the maggot comes, and in its turn it is displaced by the worm when the country is in the grip of the ice king. And here, speaking of ice and being reminded of snow, let me set down a curious fact. As a rule there is nothing more fatal to angling than snow-broth. When the streams are tinctured with melted snow you may put down your rod and go home if you are after trout, pike, roach, perch, or indeed any other fish—except grayling! The fact that grayling bite freely in rivers charged with snow-broth, and that after a thaw is considered a good time to find them on the feed, has always struck me as a remarkable fact, and one which has no parallel in any other department of fishing. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire a favourite method of fishing for grayling is with a float. A long rod is used, and the angler wades up-stream. He casts across, but with rather an upward slant. He uses a 3yds. trace, ending in a hook, and on this is a worm or a maggot, as the case may be. His float, a little round bobbin the size of a filbert nut, is attached to the line about a foot or so above the hook.



A LIKELY EDDY.



After the angler swings his bait out it falls into the water and is then carried down to him, the little painted bobbin-shaped float lying placidly on the glassy surface of the glide, or dancing merrily on the little waves. He sees every inch of its progress—till it stops, trembles and is then drawn slantwise under the current. This is the signal of a bite. The angler strikes, and the next moment his grayling is racing madly up the stream, or darting across its body showing in the limpid waters. Every year this method of grayling-fishing is growing in popularity, and as Mr. *Punch* said of a certain soap, there are thousands of anglers who say that, having tried this alluring method, they have "since used no other." Such is the grayling. Despite his detractors he is coming into his kingdom. He differs from the trout in glory, even as one star differeth from another; but the most unbiassed must admit that he—or she, as the grayling is generally called—is a really gamesome fish, full of mettle and go, and that his pursuit in the sharp, crisp air of winter provides a sport which, once enjoyed, is never willingly abandoned.

ERNEST PHILLIPS.

## CANOEING ON THE TEES.

ON Christmas Day I spent two or three hours on the Tees drifting down a picturesque, but not at all exciting, stretch of a few miles between the Darlington Waterworks and Croft Spa. The weather was so delightfully mild that I was tempted to send my canoe by rail to Middleton-in-Teesdale, and attempt the navigation of some of the difficult rapids between there and Piercebridge. Next morning—Boxing Day—I followed the canoe, and soon had her run down to the river on a bogie and launched with the assistance of a porter. My troubles began immediately; there was not by any means sufficient water in the higher reaches, though lower down there would not have been any difficulty in making good progress. My canoe was a flat-bottomed structure, and would float in a minimum of water; but among so many big stones and boulders lying in such profusion, I was repeatedly carried by the swift current against and stuck on rocks, from which I often had the greatest difficulty in refloating my bark. Those who have used a heavy flat-bottomed canoe in a swift shallow water, and know how immovably fixed it can become when broadside to the stream with a large stone under bow and stern, will appreciate my difficulties. I had literally to fight my way down most of the three miles I accomplished that day. I was foolish enough to take off my boots and stockings when I had to wade. The water was icy cold and rushed round my legs in a fury, freezing the very marrow, while the wind, blowing for snow, made me painfully aware of the change in the weather. I became acutely cold, and when I saw the very meagre contribution which the Lune made to the Tees I decided to abandon the attempt at the first suitable stopping-place. Near Mickleton I fastened up the canoe and made for the village inn, where I found the hardy inhabitants drinking hot rum and complaining at the bitter cold; and if I complained also and forgot for a while that canoeing was one of the finest sports, I may be excused, as I am but human. There was only one place of special note, some 400yds. or 500yds. above the junction of the Lune and Tees, where there is a very swift rapid with a considerable drop, running into a face of rock with a sharp turn—the rapid is easily located by a prominent wooded knoll on the right bank, almost opposite. With more water this place might be a little awkward, but all the rest would be greatly improved.

The swiftness of the stream combined with its boulder-strewn bed would convert long stretches of it into continuous and delightful rapids. Some boys managed to unlock the canoe and it was washed down the next four miles alone and hopelessly smashed. Much delay was occasioned in rebuilding, and it was the middle of February before the river between Cotherston and Abbey Bridge below Barnard Castle was negotiated.

It was a fine warm Sunday when I launched at Cotherston. There was not much water in the river, but perhaps sufficient, as I was not acquainted with the first few miles, and the information



### FINE AND FAR OFF.

one receives about rapids and ledges is always indefinite and mostly contradictory. The first 200yds. brought a mishap. Successfully running through the broken weir at the Old Mill, I was sailing quickly down a fast stream with the sun full in my eyes, when I struck a large boulder, partly submerged, which I had not seen until too late. The canoe ran full on, stuck fast, turned broadside to the current and the water running over the gunwale half filled her. If I could have moved her off the rock without getting out she would have sunk beneath me, so there was no help but ignominiously to step out into two feet of rushing water. Even then I had the greatest difficulty in



moving her, but succeeded after some back-breaking exertion. Some boys meanwhile held on by a rope and prevented her being carried away. Something like half a ton of water had next to be emptied out, which would have been easy on a piece of sand or gravel, but entailed much labour at this place where a line of enormous boulders lying at the foot of a cliff afforded but poor docking accommodation.

Opposite Holme House there is a reef across the river which should be examined before being attempted, as it will vary in difficulty with the state of the water. I did not know of its existence until I was almost upon it, as the current immediately above running into a miniature precipice occupied my attention. I was just congratulating myself on having passed the difficulty successfully, when I saw a few yards ahead the ugliest line of boulders I had yet encountered. I made hurriedly for the bank. On viewing the fall from the shore I found there was just space enough on the right hand for the canoe to run through. The rest of the ledge was too high and insufficiently covered with water to be practicable. A quarter of a mile above the railway bridge at Barnard Castle is another similar ledge across the river.

The three weirs or warrens at Barnard Castle were not sufficiently covered to be attempted, but below the castle there was some boisterous water which afforded good sport. Above Abbey Bridge, commencing at the ruins of Egglestone Abbey, which lie at the right hand, there is the worst "pitch," to use a mountaineering term, on all the river. There is a very considerable drop in about 200 yds., which makes the river here resemble a cataract. The upper half is not difficult or dangerous, as the river is wide and shallow, but a mishap might lead to one's being washed down to the lower half, where the river runs like a mill stream down an exceedingly narrow gorge crossed by three irregular bars of rock. I expected some difficulty at the commencement of the rapid, but found a way through the swift shallows studded with many big stones. I kept

to the middle most of the way, but took the last fall on the left hand. The waves were tumultuous, the canoe was flung about like a drifting spar, water broke over front and sides, but I struck no rock and reached the deep sombre pool immediately below the bridge, bow foremost, but almost waterlogged. I left the canoe here and walked down the river to Winston Station.

The canoe was a heavy, flat-bottomed structure with blunt ends, which travelled equally well bow or stern to the fore. It was 12 ft. long, 28 in. wide at the centre and 18 in. at the end. Canvas is fastened over 3 ft. at both ends, with an arrangement similar to a motor screen at the front to prevent water washing over too freely. The seat was near the centre level with the gunwale, but would have been better farther back and lower down. I used long double paddles, with which I could obtain a very powerful stroke. With the exception of the weight of the canoe, which made it much less nimble than was desirable, I do not think a more suitable craft could be devised to do the work, considering the knocking about it must suffer in normal winter and spring water. The Tees is an admirable river for canoeing, but must not be undertaken by inexperienced men or non-swimmers. With a little "fresh" coming down there are fifty miles of navigable water below Piercebridge. All this stretch could be run on any flood, however big. Above Piercebridge, however, the twenty odd miles from Middleton would be treated with respect by a Red Indian. From Middleton to Barnard Castle, ten miles of river which had not previously been navigated, there are innumerable rapids, all of which afford splendid sport. The difficulties I have mentioned should be located and examined if possible. At Barnard Castle the river becomes increasingly difficult, and it would be best for anyone unacquainted with it to walk long portions before trusting himself on its surface.

Sheets 31 and 32 of the Ordnance Survey show the river dealt with above, and the places mentioned can be easily located.

THOMAS HALL.

## TREE WILLOWS.

I HAVE had the happiness of seeing some beautiful woods of the world, apart from those of human planting, the colossal forests of North-Western America and the cedars on the mountains of North Africa; but, much as I was impressed by those great trees, I now have the idea that from the point of view of beauty one could hardly do better than plant the tree willows. The movement of our native white willow in the wind is one of the most graceful things, and latterly I have been looking at the red willow just before parting with its silver robe of summer for the red attire of autumn. This willow is beautiful in the tree form every month of the year, and in effect differs every month. Unhappily, these trees are rarely planted for the sake of their beauty, and when we see them it is from their own natural reproduction by the sides of rivers or lakes, and rarely from deliberate planting; yet in poor and marshy ground nothing can give us such good effect in colour throughout the year. Sometimes by rivers, where these trees group themselves, we see their true effect, but how many situations by lakes and pools are wholly wasted from this point of view. The facility of increasing willows from cuttings is such that no attention is paid to raising them from seed, which may be very important; since, judging by the analogy of other things, cuttings never make such fine trees as we can get from seeds. And though the willows grow free as grass from cuttings, what are to be desired are trees of great stature such as are seen occasionally in Germany, France and Britain, by the banks of rivers. Some people say they will not grow from seed; but Nature does not give seed to no purpose, and some kinds, like the common withy, we see sowing themselves too freely for us. I have scattered seed of the white willow in marsh fields, but owing to the "poaching" of cattle it was not a fair test, and we shall try again in boxes and in some way protect the seedlings from the encroachments of the common withy, which is very apt to cover the ground. While the summer effects of the greater willows are all we need wish for, the winter effect of the red willow, and, indeed, all the larger willows, is very remarkable. It is seen, perhaps, at its prettiest in the fine days of winter, and in Surrey, in the nursery region, the red willows grown for tying and cut down every year to encourage fresh growth are very brilliant in effect; but that practice is not necessary in landscape planting, as the colour of the red willow when allowed to take the tree form is also very good.

Willows are a great aid to the landscape planter. Some years ago I had to deal with a pond in which a retaining bank was so ugly and stiff that it was difficult to get rid of its awkwardness, until I took a bundle of white willows and put them across the bank and round at the corners. After some years of this growth all the stiffness and ugliness has disappeared. The white willow (*Salix alba*) is the queen of

the tree willows for our islands and we see evidence of its beauty everywhere. There are one or more varieties of it with brighter colour, but they like most varieties of forest trees are distinctly inferior to it. It is a valuable timber tree, and people are now planting it for that reason; but here we are only concerned with the beauty of things, and we have rarely seen it planted for its effect. The effect of it in wind is as good as that of any olive tree, and no tree is quite so useful for concealing awkward lines or banks, which, unfortunately, often occur near artificial water. It is a rapid grower, and saplings a few feet high will make good trees in fifteen to eighteen years; but to get its great dignity much more time would be needed. Like all willows, it is usually planted from cuttings; I have often wished it were otherwise. Seed of it is offered by the great seed houses, and it should be raised in boxes or in some way screened from the seeds of other willows, which abound in the air in some places. But however raised, it should be grouped and massed where possible, the effect of a group being much better than that of single trees, although singly it is very striking too. The willows known as Bedford and Huntingdon are thought to be varieties or hybrids of this, and are worth planting for effect. But whether planted in woodland or in wet or marshy places or beside rivers, everywhere it helps us with its fine effect. The finest trees of it I have seen are by river banks, and I have often thought that those were seedling trees. Where planted within reach of browsing animals it is better to fence for a few years. For the landscape planter the white willow may be used like a magician's wand to give fine effects in marsh or rich bottom land. It is fearless before the northern ocean winds, and nowhere better than in our cold eastern lands. There are various forms, and some wild ones that are interesting, such as *cœrulea*, *latifolia* and *viridis*, and a few others described by Anderson and others, but probably few of them are in cultivation or obtainable in nurseries. Botanists, who have a point of view quite different from that of the planter, class the red willow as a form of *alba*, and very likely in herbaria it looks so; but for our purpose the red willow should have a distinct name. What is the good of names if they do not mark distinctions for us? and the red willow is so distinct in colour and stature. There are hybrids of *alba*, with the Babylonian willow and others, and all these would be worth planting by those who have suitable ground by river banks.

*The Red or Yellow Willow* (*S. vitellina*).—In most books on botany this is classed as a form of *alba*, but the two are quite distinct. The willow *vitellina* by lakes and rivers is a beautiful tree and more effective in winter than the white willow or indeed any other. Its forms are equally precious from the planter's point of view, especially the scarlet form. Some eighteen years ago I planted a colony of it, and their beauty is striking at all times. It rapidly forms a tree over 40 ft. high, even from the saplings we get in

nurseries. The form called *britzensis*, which is so much used for tying, is very effective if cut down every year as in nurseries, for the sake of its strong and elastic shoots for tying, but the tree allowed to grow naturally is fine in colour. The old practice of using this tree for tying fruit trees to walls and many others suitable for ties in the garden should never have been given up, as it is a better and prettier way than using tarred twine or anything of the kind. The amount of work this tree does in the nurseries of Europe is astonishing, and even for tying big crates and baskets it is better than strong wire. I once had 2,000 young forest trees from a nursery in Denmark, the large crate tied with very strong galvanised wire, which broke on the way, and was most inconvenient, if not dangerous, to handle. At the same time I got a like number of forest trees from a distant part of France, the crate as well as the bundles tied with red willow, and they travelled without the slightest disturbance.

*Weeping Yellow Willow*.—There is a form of *vitellina* called *vitellina pendula*, which is a variety of the yellow or wild form, but more weeping

known, as he drew them so well. There are certain aspects of this willow which are of great interest from the point of view of its usefulness, and there is a very full account of this in "Flora and Sylva" at page 139, Vol. I.

*S. bamba*.—I received this from Germany. It made a fine, bold group, and for some years grew very vigorously with me, but at last fell away from cold or water-rats; I cannot say which. It is well worth trying again. It is supposed to be a hybrid of the Babylonian and our native crack willow. In planting this and all new or rare willows we should insist on having them on their own roots, as, while grafted on strong, common kinds they might be purchased a little larger and with more stem, in the end we should probably have to pay for it by the loss or weakening of the tree. There should not be any difficulty in training standards of such trees from layers and cuttings.

*Babylonian Willow* (*S. babylonica*).—This is the best known of the larger weeping willows and is often planted. It is of doubtful origin and has a number of synonyms, none of which, however, is as good as the name given here. It is said to have come from China. The main fact that concerns us is its value and great beauty. It is common in Ireland and southern and western valleys in England; but here and there one meets with a district in which it is absent, perhaps owing to its slight tenderness.

A very graceful form of the Babylonian willow is *S. ramulosa aurea*. One which is said to be the best of the drooping willows.

*S. Salamonii*.—This is thought to be a hybrid between the Babylonian willow and the white willow. It is more pendulous than either and its crown is wider.

*S. elegantissimum* is a willow of uncertain origin, very hardy and graceful and tall, with wide-apart, drooping branches, generally yellow-green. Its habit is more spreading than that of the Babylonian willow.

*The Black Willow* (*Salix nigra*).—Many willows are natives of America, but for the most part do not attain to the size or grace of our European kinds. The largest and, according to Sarant, the most tree-like of the American willows is the black willow. It grows usually 30ft. to 40ft., but occasionally 100ft. high, in level ground near rivers and lakes, and is a native from New Brunswick to the northern lakes of Florida, and eastward through Dakota and Nebraska to California, being most abundant in the basin of the Mississippi River. I have plants of it which are very graceful and light in leaf effect, and of a pale pretty green colour, but are as yet too small to show tree form.

These are all the willows known to us with any claim to tree dignity. Let us hope that explorations in China and Manchuria will add to their number. W. ROBINSON.



OLD WHITE WILLOWS IN ESSEX.

From a picture by H. G. Moon.

in habit. It is a very elegant tree, and I have several plants of it, but not in the best conditions for it as regards soil. Some of them do very well, but some in a very hard spring seem a little touched with cold. It is a most valuable tree and worth planting. The twigs hang down like whipcord. To try it fairly it should be planted in willow soil, i.e., deep earth beside water.

*The Crack Willow* (*S. fragilis*).—This is not so fine in colour as the white willow and attracts much less notice. It is very common and by the banks of the Trent and other rivers there are often many picturesque old trees of it. Gilpin asserted that the willow does not harmonise with British timber trees, and others have repeated this foolish statement. The late Mr. Moon, who drew the picture shown here of old willows in Essex, used to tell of a willow on the banks of the Lea at Stanborough, the effect of which he described as very beautiful, and he ought to have

known, as he drew them so well. There are certain aspects of this willow which are of great interest from the point of view of its usefulness, and there is a very full account of this in "Flora and Sylva" at page 139, Vol. I.

on the line in the open sea in this manner, and these catches may be looked upon as quite out of the common. Even less is known of the spawning and migratory habits of the sea-trout than of the salmon itself. One curious point in connection with these fish is that although considerable numbers of them are taken in nets in tidal waters and along the coast-line, these are nearly always females. Where then are the cock fish at these times and what are they doing? It is nearly always to be observed, also, that the sea-trout that are seen spawning up the rivers are small fish. No one appears to be able to explain when and where the heavy fish carry on their spawning operations. In one marked instance the sea-trout differs greatly from its big cousin the salmon, in that it feeds freely in fresh water. The study of *Salmo trutta* and its habits has, hitherto, been much neglected; there is an immense deal to be gathered concerning this beautiful fish, its spawning habits and sea life, and it is to be hoped that during the

## WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE.

### SEA-TROUT IN THE SEA.

TWO sea-trout, one weighing 7½lb., the other 3½lb., were captured last week from a pier at Great Yarmouth. It is seldom indeed that these sporting fish are taken



next few years observers and pisciculturists will devote themselves to the elucidation of these problems, at present resting in almost complete obscurity.

#### JACK SNIPER.

Jack snipe seem to have been this season earlier and more plentiful in the South of England than is usually the case. I shot one during the last week in October within 200 yds. of some houses on the outskirts of a large

impossible to drive away. Many rare specimens have been secured in this spot, and only this autumn an aquatic warbler, one of our rarest British birds, was shot there.

#### HABITS OF JACK SNIPER.

The abundance of jack snipe in October is, from my own observation, often, if not usually, coincident with an abnormal mildness and stillness of atmosphere in Western Europe. In the autumn of 1904 much of this kind of weather was experienced, and large numbers of these small birds were shot by sportsmen in various parts of the country, especially in Ireland. The "jack," charming little creature though he is, can scarcely be classed as a good sporting bird. He lies very close, goes down very quickly, can be constantly followed and put up, and is easily shot. He has nothing like the strong and perplexing flight of the full snipe, and his diminutive size renders him almost too pitifully small to be compared with his bigger and wilder cousin as a table bird. A good snipe dog may, for the time at all events, be rendered slow and pottering by the too great abundance of "jacks" during a favourable period of migration of these birds. At such times the proportion of "jacks" to common snipe, in well-known haunts of these birds, reaches nearly half of those brought to bag, a proportion which in other and normal seasons would be looked upon as quite unusual. This season I have not yet seen any great number of snipe in East Sussex, but thus far I have certainly set eyes on as many jack snipe as I have of the common species. This, so far as my experience goes, is unusual. It is very seldom indeed that all three kinds of snipe known to us in Britain are shot on the same day; yet two years since, near Dalbeattie, in the South of Scotland, a jack snipe, a common and a great or double snipe were all shot on the same day on one small piece of bog. It is usually asserted by naturalists that the jack snipe does not breed within the British Isles. But Mr. Reginald Haines, author of "The Birds of Rutland," has placed it on record within the last two years that two instances, one in Dumfriesshire, the other in Ross-shire, are known to him, and that the clutches which were taken have been duly identified. Personally, I believe that these birds breed occasionally in these islands, perhaps more often than is supposed by the majority of sportsmen, collectors and naturalists.

#### THE DOUBLE SNIPER.

The great, double, or solitary snipe is, of course, a much rarer bird in Britain than either of the other two species. It is usually noted during September and October, as well as towards the latter end of August. It is then migrating from its summer quarters in the North of Europe, where it breeds, to Africa and elsewhere. It has not so far been noted as far East as India and China, but is reported from Persia, Turkestan and the Thian-Shan range. In Africa it passes right down the continent, and is well known as far south as Cape Colony and Natal. The common snipe, by the way, has never yet been identified in South Africa; those shot by sportsmen and often claimed to be common snipe prove, on close examination, to be either the

black-quilled species (*Callinago nigripennis*), a bird much resembling our British snipe, or the painted snipe (*Rhynchoea capensis*). It is quite possible that a small specimen of the double snipe might also be here and there mistaken in South Africa, as it is occasionally in England, for a fine example of the common snipe. I have occasionally seen the double snipe in Bechuanaland, and, more often, in Cape Colony. Last year, on



IN HARBOUR.

town in Sussex, and a few of these birds were to be flushed in the same unpromising locality—the remains of an old marshy tract among some shingle—upon any day during the latter part of the month. This place has always been a very favourite haunt of wading birds and other migrants, and despite the fact that the coast town in question has been steadily extending its area in that direction, the birds still cling to their ancient haunts and seem



some marshes outside Mogador, on the western seaboard of Morocco, I saw examples of both the jack and the great snipe. One might have expected to see common snipe in the same locality, for these birds also pass to North Africa in winter. But I noticed none on this occasion. Excellent snipe-shooting, as well as quail, Barbarypartridge and wildfowl, is to be obtained in Morocco; but the present troubles effectually prevent, and will probably do so for some time, the visits of wandering British gunners to this interesting and romantic country. The great snipe, by the way, breeds in Holland and North Europe—in Russia as far south as Bessarabia—but hitherto has never yet been identified as a breeding species in these islands. The so-called red-breasted snipe, which is in reality more of a sandpiper than a true snipe, is included in the catalogue of British birds. This is a mere occasional straggler to these islands, coming to us from North America, where it is a very common species. The so-called Sabine's snipe has now been proved to be nothing more than a melanism, or dark form, of our common snipe.

## RELATED SUMMER BIRDS.

The wonderful return of summer-like weather, which has carried us well into November, seems to have arrested the last batches of summer warblers on their passage South. On October 31st chiffchaffs and willow-wrens were to be seen picking about in a Sussex garden, and a few garden warblers still lingered. On the same day I noticed large numbers of martins and swallows, hawking in the warm sunshine over some large pools of shallow water, as if they had not the slightest intention of yet leaving us. They were, manifestly, perfectly at their ease, and exhibited no trace of that disturbed demeanour which is to be observed when, in the early days of a cold November, their last gatherings are to be noticed along the shore-line, making up their minds for the flight overseas. Truly this has been an almost unexampled autumn, which, following one of the most wonderful of summers, will cause 1908 to be written down as the finest all-round year experienced during at least five or six decades. H. A. B.

## MRS. GREEN.

## II. — "ME LITTLE ORFERING."

LAST Friday afternoon I overtook Mrs. Green walking in a dignified manner up the hill into the country. A small covered basket hung genteelly from her wrist and under her other arm she carried a large stake. A long pink ribbon, indicative of country pursuits, flew from her sailor hat and her skirt was festooned around her with several large safety-pins.

"Are you going to get moss, Mrs. Green?" said I.

"Certingly I h'am," said Mrs. Green, gloomily. "Arter what the Rector said so sollim larst Sunday about little offerings for the 'arvist deckirations, it's the dooty on all on us to pick morse at whatever corst in the way of stoopin', which when down seldom can I come up again without a shriek."

"I'm going to get moss myself," said I. "Shall I come with you?"

"Be all means," replied Mrs. Green, graciously, her countenance clearing. "It'll be company against snakes."

"Against what?" said I.

"Snakes," replied Mrs. Green.

"But there aren't any," said I.

"Perhaps not in Hingland," said Mrs. Green, darkly.

"But *we* are in England, Mrs. Green," said I, cheerfully.

"An' did I ever say we wasn't?" replied Mrs. Green, coldly.

"There ain't no need to be ser bright about it."

We walked on in silence for a short time.

"Afore I picks," remarked Mrs. Green, suddenly, "I threshes."

"You what?" said I.

"I threshes," replied Mrs. Green. "I threshes well about me with this 'ere stick. 'Ad St. Paul taken sensibul precautions of the same nacher afore settin' down by that there picnic fire in the H'East winder, an' threshed well about 'isself with the crook 'e'd saved orf of the wreck, never need 'e 'ave put Providence to the trouble of reskying 'im by a miracle."

"But there never *have* been snakes in this country," said I.

"An' is that any reason why there mayn't be?" enquired Mrs. Green, with dignity.

"Well, it is rather a reason for not expecting them, isn't it?" said I.

"It's the h'unexpected as always 'appings, an' far best to expect it steady," said Mrs. Green, firmly. "Prevention is better than cure, I 'ope, Miss Meary, especially when no cure of h'any kind excep' through Providence, as natcherally can't be dependid up'n unless in Scripchers. They learned me to read a story when a child, of a n'ighly mistook young man as went a walk in Ingia an' thrust 'is 'and into a clump of withered grass—though whaffor it would be 'ard to say, there bein' no call for 'im to risk 'is life thus," said Mrs. Green, reflectively. "You can't deckirate with withered grass, an' Ingia's 'ardly the country for 'arvist deckirations any'ow, an' it no more than a coril strand."

"Oh, it is a *little* more than that, Mrs. Green," said I.

"So little it need 'ardly be mentioned an' a pity to do so, if you'll excuse me, Miss Meary," replied Mrs. Green, coldly, "it not bein' enough for 'arvist deckirations h'anyway, excep' in a spirit of contradiction. What 'arvist deckirations could you 'ave on a sea-beach, I arst you, which where was I?"

"You were at the young man who went walking in India," said I, after a moment's thought.

"Ah, pore young feller, so I was," said Mrs. Green, relapsing with a sigh. "Why did 'e go a walk in Ingia at all, when you come to think of it, I arst you! There was 'is first mistake, of course, as should be a warning to us hall. If you 'ave to go travellin' through sech countries, much best to set steady at 'ome with the blinds down till you come away again, as is the h'only safe way to travel h'anywheres. 'Owever, 'e learnt 'is lessing, pore young chap, an' never did it no more. No sooner 'ad 'e thrust 'is 'and into the clump of grass than

out rooshed a snake an' bit 'im severe, immejitly arter which 'e swelled up and died. Few things could 'a' been a greater shock to 'im, an' let's 'ope 'e remembered it all 'is life. Since when, afore I picks, I threshes."

"Well, I really can't believe there are any snakes in these woods," said I, firmly.

"Should I be goin' into them if there was, Miss Meary?" enquired Mrs. Green, with dignity.

It being for some reason difficult to find any answer to this remark, we again progressed up the hill in silence for a little while.

"Reckless I h'am not, I 'ope, nor never was," resumed Mrs. Green, "especially when in danger. As I says to Green, 'Green,' says I, 'if you *mus'* be reckless, don't be reckless in danger, Green,' says I. '*H'any* time's better than that, Green,' says I to 'im, firm."

"I shouldn't have thought that Green was naturally reckless," said I.

"When in any fear of danger," replied Mrs. Green, "no one could be more keeful. But at h'all other times reckless is 'ardly the word to describe the courage of Green. Look at the way 'e joined the Volungteers arter the war."

"So he did," said I.

"Rooshed into 'em," said Mrs. Green, solemnly. "No 'olding of 'im back, there wasn't, once peace was signed. One week there—an' the next a Volungteer. That was the dreadful rate 'e did it at. Ah, the first time I seed Green in 'is uniform at church parade a-singin' 'H'onward, Chrischin So-hol-jers'—Chrischin soldiers not bein' much use in the way of a h'army excep' in a 'ymn, of course, as the German H'Emperer must often smile over 'appy, an' 'e the pious peaceful person 'e lays issell out ter be. But ah, 'ow I wep' to see Green! Not as you could eggzactly *see* 'im," added Mrs. Green, reflectively, "'is legs bein' low for them 'igh ole pews. But I knowed 'e was somewhere about."

"I wonder if the German Emperor is really so very peaceful," said I, mildly.

"Peacefuller could 'ardly be," replied Mrs. Green, reproachfully. "You'd know it if you read the papers like I do meself. Look at 'is larst speech in that there place as was once in France as 'e 'ad to 'urry away from ser fast through suddingly recollectin' business at 'ome. 'You h'all belong to me now,' says 'e, encouragin' of 'em. 'You're h'all under the shadow of me wing, or I should say me mailed fist, but it's the same thing, of course,' says 'e. 'Let us thank 'Eving together that you belong to me,' says 'e, pious, 'Ock, 'ock, 'ock,' says 'e—as must sound reether like a fit of the 'iccups," added Mrs. Green, meditatively, "but not so. It's the noise the Germans make when they 'ope they're 'urrahing, pore fellows, though far from the case an' best to pass it by kind."

"I think it seems a little too much to ask the people to thank Heaven with him that they'd been conquered," I remarked.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Green, pensively, "'e *meant* it well. 'E almost thinks 'e is 'Eving, of course, pore chap, no one 'aving the 'eart to tell 'im 'is mistake, an' you'd natcherally congratulate a person on 'aving got to 'Eving. 'You're closest to me affections than h'any other place in Germany,' says 'e, 'an' there you're a-going to stop,' says 'e, encouragin' of 'em kind an' 'appy. 'An' as for peace,' says 'e, 'peace shell be maintained if I 'ave to fight for it,' says 'e, 'as well I can do, me soldiers bein' h'otherwise than Chrischin,' says 'e. Few things could 'ave been more reassurin' than to 'ear 'im say that there," added Mrs. Green, thoughtfully, "an' it reelly was a pity 'e 'ad to 'urry 'ome ser last through recollectin' business. 'A call,' 'e says it was 'e 'ad—sech as you might 'ave to a better land when not quite possibil to stop in this."

"Well, it would have been better manners not to patronise them quite so openly," said I.

"Oh, *manners*," said Mrs. Green, kindly. "That's a different thing. If you knoo as much about a n'emperer as I do meself, you'd 'ardly expect 'im to 'ave *manners*. I don't suppose Nebuchadnezza 'ad what you could call *manners*, an' 'e thought 'e was the Lord. The German H'Emperer don't go as far as *that*, of course, preferring to be the German H'Emperer, as is only natchrul."

At this juncture we came out from between the hedges on the top of the hill and saw afar off that wood in a field whither we were bound on our crusade for church moss. Mrs. Green suddenly paused and gazed at it gloomily.

"There's a long way," she said, bitterly.

"It does look rather far," said I.

"Far's 'ardly the word for the distance orf it is," said Mrs. Green, in still deeper gloom. We gazed at it together in silence.

"It's a pity the Rector goes preachin' about little offerings in the keefless way 'e does," said Mrs. Green, in a greatly embittered manner, "an' me in the 'elth I h'am not nor never shell be."

Just at this instant a breeze blew suddenly past Mrs. Green's sailor hat and left it hanging over her right eye, whereupon she let go her basket and stick with a shriek and grasped her head with both hands. It took some time to restore her to the correct connection with all her belongings, and when it was at last achieved she was more embittered than ever.

"'Ad me 'at blown away, an' it the only summer 'at I 'ave left," she remarked, "that would have been the *larst* straw, that would!"

I looked at her hastily, but the stern wrath of her countenance precluded all idea of a joke.

"Well, why shouldn't we rest a little?" said I. "It's early yet."

Mrs. Green glanced at me with a slight start. Then she gazed abstractedly up at the sky.

"It's light yet, too," she said.

"Quite," said I. "You'd see the sun if it was out."

"You generally do unless you're blind," said Mrs. Green, thoughtfully.

"Shall we sit down by this haystack?" said I.

Mrs. Green glanced at me again, glanced at the sky, gazed in an abstracted manner at the distant wood, and moved with dignity towards the haystack.

"If not the strength to take a walk, Miss Meary," she remarked, majestically, "it's reether a pity to come forth like this 'ere, a-startin' out thus 'opeful an' mistook an' a-leadin' others to do likewise. 'Owever, we'll set a bit till you find yourself rested. It would 'ardly do for me to leave you bundled up by the wayside like h'any upset ole tramp, 'owever h'anxious I may be meself to get a little church morse as a n'offering, of course."

We seated ourselves by the haystack, Mrs. Green threshing the ground first with several precautionary shrieks, and emitting one long, final, loud, surprised one as the pile of loose hay which she selected as a suitable seat steadily sank with her as she sat down on it, till it was almost level with the earth.

"What did it do that for, I arst you?" she said, when she had recovered her breath, gazing at me with indignation from her lowly position.

"I don't know," said I, still overcome by the vision of her rapid and unexpected descent.

"The deceivingness of things!" said Mrs. Green, breathing heavily; "an' it the 'ight it looked to be!"

"Perhaps you're a little heavy for it!" said I.

"'Eavy!" echoed Mrs. Green, in astonished wrath. "Me 'eavy! A lighter woman for me weight never was nor could be—as Green said 'isself, pore little chap, when I fell backwards on 'im orf the doorstep a week come Toosdy. 'Ad you been h'any 'eavier, Hanna," says 'e to me, sollim, when 'e got 'is breath, 'I should 'a' been flat," says 'e. 'Flat I should 'a' been,' says 'e, 'which a motor-car was *nothink* to it,' says 'e, pale. No, I thank you, Miss Meary," said Mrs. Green, bowing at me with extraordinary loftiness from the ground, "that's 'ardly the reason."

She gazed before her in unspeakable embitterment.

"It's a pity I h'ever come," she said, as one who at last realises the truth.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Green," said I, hurriedly. "It was very nice of you to. It will be all right, you'll see."

"Arter this," said Mrs. Green, still gazing before her, "the Rector may get 'is own little offerings. I've 'ad enough of it, I 'ave. 'E may get 'is own little offerings for 'isself 'e may, an' orfer 'em to 'oom 'e pleases, if 'e lives through it, which I doubt. It's the larst time I come 'arvist deackirating on an 'aycock."

I gazed at Mrs. Green, being unable immediately to think of anything to say.

"An' as for them as leads others to their deaths," continued Mrs. Green, in undiminished dignity upon the ground, "encouragin' of 'em to roosh out from their 'appy firesides an' set themselves 'opeful upon an 'aycock as goes into no 'aycock at

all the munit it's taken as sech, h'all I can say is I 'ope they'll be sorry when too late, which I should be safe in me own 'ome 'ad I been left peaceful to meself instead of morse 'unting on an 'aycock, an' 'ow am I h'ever goin' to get up orf as low down as *this 'ere*, I arst you?"

"I'll help you up, Mrs. Green," said I.

Mrs. Green sighed, gazed before her, groaned slightly and sighed again.

"I'm sure I can manage it all right," said I, encouragingly.

Mrs. Green breathed heavily once or twice, sighed once more, composed herself with an effort, relaxed her gaze and recovered.

"There ain't no need to go on yet awhile," she then remarked, gloomily.

"Oh no," said I.

"Which I may send me little offerin' to the church," said Mrs. Green, with a slight recrudescence of bitterness, "but go meself a Sundy I shell *not* do, a-giving of thanks in the 'earty manner they do. I've got nothing to be thankful for arter this, though of course I shall send me little offerin'."

"Mr. Blessem is coming from London to preach, you know," said I, to change the subject.

"I remember 'im," said Mrs. Green, with immediate interest. "Missions. It's a pity 'e never says what 'e means, pore feller."

"Oh, I think he tries to," said I, hastily.

"I grant you 'e *tries* to," said Mrs. Green, graciously.

"I mean I think he does," said I, firmly.

"In which case a greater pity still," remarked Mrs. Green.

A short silence ensued.

"If 'e meant what 'e said in the larst 'arvist but one, for instance, pore feller," resumed Mrs. Green, reflectively, "a greater pity could 'ardly be—me settin' in front of Farmer Wuggles 'as 'ad 'ad 'arf 'is crops ruinged in a thunder-storm, an' found 'isself h'upset through 'aving to come to church with 'is wife as is most genteel, an' give thanks about it. 'Let us be thankful to Providence as always sends the 'arvist, me friends,' says Mr. Blessem, 'when sometimes there ain't no 'arvist at all along of gales an' storms,' says 'e. 'An' 'oo sends *them*?' says Wuggles, plain, be'ind me."

Mrs. Green paused and glanced at me.

"Mr. Blessem meant—" said I, rebukingly.

"Oh! I know'd what 'e meant, pore young man," said Mrs. Green, sighing. "But it was 'ardly what 'e *said*, of course. A good young man, 'e was. 'We must never get down-'eartid, whether we're farmin' lands or souls,' says 'e, pious. 'What we want is faith,' says 'e, 'an' what's faith, me friends?' says 'e, bright. 'Why, it's imagination,' says 'e. 'Now when the farmer looks upon 'is fields, 'e needs a strong imagination to see 'is crops,' says 'e. 'E does indeed,' says Wuggles, dark, be'ind me."

"Mrs. Green—" said I.

"That's what I says meself," said Mrs. Green.

"I really think—" said I.

"So do I," says Mrs. Green, sighing. "Few things could 'ave been more so. So then 'e told us a tale or two, as is always a n'ighly dangerous thing to do, they sometimes comin' out the h'opposite when too late to alter 'em, of course. 'I know'd a young black person in New Guinea as got convertid,' says 'e, 'an' let me tell you a little conversation 'as took place when 'e come over 'ere to Hingland, me friends,' says 'e, sollim. 'A clergyman met 'im an' said to 'im, 'Did you h'ever know me dear ole friend the missionary Mr. Sprinkler?' says 'e; 'e worked in your part of the world, I think,' says 'e. 'Ho yes, I know'd 'im well,' says the young black person, 'appy. 'My father ate 'im.'"

Here Mrs. Green again paused and glanced at me, but before I could decide what would be the best remark to make with regard to Mr. Blessem's anecdote, Mrs. Green added with a sigh, "'E didn't *mean* it that way, of course. It comes from 'avin' to be pious, pore chaps, which you can't blame 'em for it. Oh, 'ow seldom they says what they means! Look at the Bishop an' the cook."

Nothing could be stronger than my immediate conviction that it would be wise not to look at the Bishop and the cook.

"I almost think, Mrs. Green—" said I.

"Perhaps it *would* be better, with 'im a Bishop," said Mrs. Green, with another sigh. "But 'e never meant it. It was only natchrul 'is wife shouldn't like the noo bathroom to be used by the servingts, of course, but 'e never meant it. When 'e 'eard they'd been doin' of it in a deceiving manner while she an' 'im was away, 'e sent for the cook—"

"I feel *sure*, Mrs. Green—" said I, hastily.

"So you could with a Bishop," said Mrs. Green, still more hastily and with great firmness. "As sure as h'anything, you could feel, an' that was just the way 'e took it. 'It isn't the using of the bathroom, cook,' says 'e, sollim, 'though that was bad enough,' says 'e, 'but what grieves me more than h'anything is that you should never h'any of you 'ave done before me face what you've done be'ind me back,' says 'e. But of course 'e never *meant* it," added Mrs. Green, with great warmth.



"Most certainly not," said I, with equal warmth. "And I think——"

"Most *certainly* not, of course," assented Mrs. Green, heartily, "an' when 'e seed what 'e'd said, 'e was that took aback 'e rooshed from the room by one door an' the cook she rooshed out by another. A more dreadful morningt could 'ardly 'a' been for both on 'em. But——"

Just at this instant there came a faint, low rumble from over the hills behind the haystack.

"What's *that* 'ere?" said Mrs. Green, with a violent start.

"It sounded like thunder, I believe," said I, in some anxiety.

"Never!" ejaculated Mrs. Green. We gazed at each other, and almost immediately the rumble came again, accompanied this time by a vivid flash of lightning. "Ah—h—h—h," shrieked Mrs. Green at the top of her voice; and before I could collect my startled senses sufficiently to offer her the aid without which she was unable to leave the ground, she was halfway down the road. I gazed after her a moment, petrified—but the next instant there came another flash, and I paused no longer. I do not like a thunder-storm any more than Mrs. Green.

No conversation passed as we hurried home side by side. Every time a flash came Mrs. Green emitted a shriek, in a kind of instantaneous business-like response, but otherwise we were

too breathless to speak. Mrs. Green skimmed the roads with extraordinary celerity, and her pink ribbon streamed behind her. We travelled down the last bit of road in the pelting rain, and turned in at the lodge gate under the trees; and there Mrs. Green paused, staying my further progress with an arresting hand.

"Don' stop to say goo'-bye, Miss Meary," she urged, panting. "Don' stop a second for h'anythink in sech a storm as this 'ere. Don' stand on ceremony with *me*, Miss Meary, when you're standin' h'already in a puddle the size of what you h'are, which I'll take goo'-bye as said, I'm sure, with pleasure, an' bring me little orfering to the church——"

The dead stop to which Mrs. Green came at this juncture in her speech was so sudden and tremendous that I gazed at her in surprise. "What is it, Mrs. Green?" I said, breathlessly; but for a moment Mrs. Green beheld me in a stiff and rigid silence. At last, without a word, she slowly removed her little basket from her wrist, took off the cover, and, in a petrified manner, looked inside it. Needless to say, it was perfectly empty. For one instant we gazed upon each other. Then, with a glance of speechless bitterness, Mrs. Green replaced the cover on her basket, hung the basket on her arm, and, still in a dreadful silence, swept slowly down the turning that led to the coach-house.

EVELYNE E. RYND.

## THE TERNERY AT WELLS-BY-THE-SEA.

WHEN Mr. Earl and I arrived at Wells our first step was to interview Cringle, the bird-watcher, who promised us plenty of sport, but pointed out that we ought to have obtained permission from the

Earl of Leicester's agent. However, this oversight was soon put right, the written permit in answer to our letter being very courteously sent to our lodgings by mounted messenger to obviate postal delay. We started that day on a tour of inspection with Pat Cringle, who has now succeeded his father as watcher, and found him a very obliging guide, and, being of observant habits, he proved a mine of information about the birds under his care. Wells is a sleepy old town, the victim of quite as great an evil as the coast erosion which affects other shores. It is being choked with new land, and cabbages grow where boats used to swing at anchor. A broad creek fronts the town, and, turning to the north, opens into the sea about a mile away. In the other direction it winds in and out among the salt-marshes, and at its source, close to the seaward limit of the marsh, is moored the watcher's house-boat, which he occupies day and

night during the breeding season. The main part of the marsh is composed of mud traversed by innumerable creeks and covered by a close growth of purslane; but as you approach the new shore-line the level rises and the soil changes to sand

covered with marram grass. As we walked along, Cringle pointed out several nests of ringed plover and a redshank's nest. The latter's four eggs were laid in the middle of a clump of grass, as snipe's are, so that the stems hid the eggs like a ring-fence. In addition, the grass was twisted together over the eggs so as to hide them from above. I had never come across this in my reading, but Cringle said it was the rule, and that it was by noticing these tangles in the marram that he found all his redshanks' nests. There was a slight gap between the grass stems at the back and in front of the eggs, each opening into a run through the grass about 2ft. long, so that the ground plan of the nest was in the shape of a hairpin with the eggs at the blunt end. As we approached a part of the shore called the East Point, terns began to rise from their nests in all directions. After crossing a silted-up creek, the shore changed from sand to pebbles. Two or three scores of terns were rising



COMMON TERN: HOLDING UP WINGS BEFORE FOLDING THEM.



from their nests and flying overhead, crying, "chirra chirra, chick chick chirra." Their wings against the blue sky assumed a pink, translucent, shell-like appearance. Presently among them we began to distinguish the lesser terns, about the size of swifts, with quite a different call, sounding like "quetch quetch." It was our first experience of terns; the protective resemblance of their eggs and chicks so fascinated us that we soon got into Cringle's style of always walking about with downcast eyes. The lesser terns nested in two distinct colonies, quite apart from the common terns, which were scattered over about a mile and a-half of the shore, mostly among the marram grass. What, I think, struck us most about the terns was the fearful mortality among the chicks. During two days of north wind almost every other nest had a dead or lethargic and dying chick in it. Cringle pointed out that the cause of death was not cold, but starvation. The wind, by causing ripples on the water, prevented the old birds from seeing the fish.

The lesser terns paid little attention to the camera, however badly concealed; but the common terns required more careful treatment. Yet in the end we had very few good photographs of the lesser terns among our spoils. This was because, finding them so easy, we left them to be seriously dealt with later on, and when we then did so we encountered a hitherto unknown difficulty. The day before our attempt Mr. Earl was informed, while being shaved, that the terns did not sit on their eggs, but let the sun hatch them out. It made us laugh, but we found out that day that there was an unpleasant amount of truth in the barber's statement. It was broiling hot, and to our disgust we found that the presence of the camera, however artfully concealed, was enough to keep a lesser tern off her nest for the rest of the day. In one case there was a deserted nest about 4ft. from the nest we were working at, and our tern went and sat on it instead of coming to her own. Each time we shifted, she shifted to the nest where the camera was not; apparently we ended in muddling her sense of identity, as I heard from Cringle that three weeks afterwards he still found her sitting on the added clutch. Both species of tern fed their young in the same

crosswise in his beak went head first down a chick's throat. Sometimes the welcome cries were followed by a long wait, during which the male, with a fish in his beak, could be seen wheeling and screaming overhead, eluding other screaming terns intent on robbery. On one occasion the male brought a fish which was as big as the chick, and an amusing scene occurred, but owing to absence of sun it could not be recorded.



COMMON TERN AND NEST.

I noticed occasionally from my hiding-tent a great commotion among the terns, all the birds rising from their nests as if strangers were approaching, and on looking out saw a herring-gull being mobbed as it crossed over the colony. Apparently the reason why the two species nest apart is because they do not agree. On one occasion when I was waiting for a lesser tern to come back to its nest containing two chicks, one dead, a common tern alighted on the pebbles about 10ft. to seaward of the nest. It stood there screaming for a few minutes, when it was joined by its mate, which settled down as if on eggs. Then the first tern waddled up to the lesser tern's nest and stood over the chicks, shouting up at the lesser terns overhead. It picked up one of the chicks—it seemed to me the dead one—and dropped

it. Picking it up again, it carried it 3ft. or 4ft. away, dropped it, picked it up and, flying up with it, pitched about 15yds. to seaward. I was so enraged at the interference with my plans that I rushed after the marauder instead of photographing the incident, which in Cringle's experience was unique. All the common terns had the habit, after alighting, of holding the wings up momentarily before folding them, and after a few unsuccessful attempts I managed to photograph one in this position. I noticed that in folding their wings there was no regular rule as to which wing overlapped the other. As the sunshine was only at irregular intervals, Mr. Earl thought my chances of photographing the young being fed would be improved by having two nests in the field of view, so he constructed a nest close to the one I was working at and transferred another tern's chick and egg to it. The plan, however, did not work out as he had intended. The parents never claimed their transported



COMMON TERN HOVERING OVER CHICK.

way. About once every half-hour the sitting bird would look up and begin calling. Although I could not recognise anything distinctive about the call, the chicks immediately scrambled from under their mother and, opening their mouths widely—and they were wide—began frantically waving their wing stumps and calling "cheer, cheer." Then the male alighted by the nest, and in a flash the whitebait or sand-eel he had been holding

offspring, whereas our bird on her second visit noticed the new egg, and, having hatched out all hers, it proved a great attraction, and the temptation of sitting on an egg ended in her sometimes occupying one nest and sometimes the other. The male generally alighted by the old nest, and one of our photographs shows the chicks running from the mother on the new nest to the father with a fish at the old nest. Even he took his turn at

sitting on the strange egg; but the funniest sight was when the female had to spread herself out in order to cover not only the stranger's chick and egg, but her own three chicks, which had got tired of sitting outside. Two years ago I saw a good deal of the Arctic tern in the Hebrides, and while working at the common tern at Wells I came to the conclusion that it is quite possible to distinguish the two species on the wing. Both have a peculiar jerky flight, the impetus of each wing beat being soon lost, so that their progress looks like that of a badly-rowed boat. But this jerkiness is much more marked in the Arctic than in the common tern. Again, in fishing the common tern hovers much more than the Arctic, and this probably accounts for a third distinction pointed out by Cringle—that the common tern's tail generally looks like a mackerel's and the Arctic tern's like a swallow's.



COMMON TERN: MALE BIRD BRINGING A SAND-EEL TO CHICK.

for the female took a good many little runs, first towards the nest, then towards the hiding-tent, and then in some other



COMMON TERN: MALE ALIGHTING AT SITE OF NEST WITH FOOD: FEMALE SITTING ON STRANGE EGG.

The ringed plover gave rather more trouble to photograph than the terns, being either more timid or more intelligent than these,

direction, so that quite 20 min. elapsed before she ventured on to her eggs. But as soon as she found the camera harmless she



MALE RINGED PLOVER ABOUT TO TAKE FEMALE'S PLACE ON EGGS.

came back to her eggs in a very few minutes after Mr. Earl had tucked me up in the hiding-tent. On better acquaintance we found it to be a very bold bird, and Mr. Earl happily dubbed it "the cock robin of the shore." I found that the male and female relieved one another at the nest every half-hour. The statement made in books that the chicks leave the nest as soon as hatched is, in the case of many birds, quite misleading, for I have found peewit, curlew and golden plover chicks in the nest sixty hours after hatching. But in the case of the ringed plover it seems literally correct, the chicks wandering off the nest within an hour of hatching to feed on the sands under the paternal eye, while their mother hatches out the remaining eggs. They



are much more advanced when hatched than are the terns, and are soon running about in their parents' style of quick, short runs. All the nests we saw contained four eggs, all coloured the same, thus presenting a great contrast to the terns' eggs, which varied very considerably, the most strangely-marked egg we saw being that shown in the first photograph of the tern alighting. This great variability is most marked in birds that breed in colonies, and must, I think, be attributed to the need of easy identification. One morning, owing to a number of clutches hatching out simultaneously, there was a great increase in the number of ringed plover chicks running about on the sands, and the combative nature of the old birds appeared in the numerous fights which ensued for spheres of influence. With heads down and feathers bristling up, all four birds would be sometimes engaged, and if it ended in a fight the engaged pair seemed to have their beaks interlocked and banged one another down on to the sand. Cringle watched one fight which ended in the conqueror coming back after the pursuit of the vanquished and deliberately chasing and killing their chicks, shaking them as a terrier shakes a rat.

The redshank proved to be the wariest of our sitters, never coming back to her nest until long after the neighbouring terns had settled down on their nests, and she left it again, silently, long before the terns took fright at Mr. Earl's approach when I hung out the summoning handkerchief after taking a photograph. The reason she left so early was, no doubt, due, as Cringle said, to the habit of the male keeping vigilant watch some distance from the nest. Her approach, too, was always very stealthy; in fact, on one occasion she managed to elude my observation and get on to her eggs unobserved, although I was only 4yds. away and constantly watching for her first appearance. With her sylph-like figure, dainty step and fluty note, although quietly dressed, she was the most charming bird we met at the ternery; and it is one of the fascinations of bird photography to be able to sit in a comfortable hiding-tent and, as if in possession of "fern seed," be able to watch a wary bird like this behaving at its ease within 2yds. of your eyes. On our last day I had the pleasure of initiating Mr. Frank Southgate into the use of the hiding-tent, and of listening to his exclamations of delight at being able to watch some of his feathered friends at much closer quarters than he had ever done before. I think that it will not be long before men like himself and Mr. Edmund Selous realise what an acquisition to bird-watchers Kearton's invention of the hiding-tent really is.

Altogether, we spent a most enjoyable fortnight at the ternery, and what Pat Cringle told us about the redshank that would let him stroke her as she sat on her nest, about the way in which the lesser terns shift their colonies year by year, how they and not the common terns are the masters of the ternery, how they afterwards teach their young how to fish, and how the common terns, objecting to partridges nesting within the confines of the colony, mob them and leave them on the ground dead, with holes in their heads as if made by nails, would make an article by itself, but be better learned from him direct. A little thing, showing the care he takes of the birds, happened on our first day, when his younger brother accidentally trod on some eggs just about to hatch, and Pat, after burying



COMMON TERN ADMINISTERING LIQUID FOOD.



REDSHANK HESITATING.

the smashed chicks, hunted round until he found a nest with enough eggs to enable one to be taken from it for the bereaved bird to go on with.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

## IN THE GARDEN.

SOME RARE AND BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS.

ONE of the most beautiful gardens in England is that of Sir Edmund Loder, Bart., Leonardslee, near Horsham, and a few notes gathered from the remarkable collection may be of interest at this planting season. In a note sent me by that enthusiastic keeper of the garden, Mr. W. A. Cook, he mentions that there are now many beautiful shrubs that will grow as freely as a Laurel and should take its place, with that of the other common things too much in evidence in both large and small gardens. It is pleasant to know, however, that a reaction has set in, and many owners of gardens are convinced that more should be made of the shrubs that are mentioned in these notes.

*Desfontainea spinosa* is one of the shrubs that are highly praised. This comes from Chili and is distinguished by prickly evergreen leaves. The flowers have also distinct features, being of great substance, and in colouring scarlet with orange tips. They hang with a certain grace from the shoots. It may be planted both in the open and against a wall, and, as my correspondent points out, "requires good rich food and not too wet a position. Shelter it from the north and east winds. The flowers appear again after midsummer and a plant when healthy will continue to bloom until the end of October." The best time to plant is from the beginning of March until April, and it can be propagated by layers, and by cuttings put in under a bell-glass or hand-light. *Escallonia macrantha* is a charming shrub recognised by its glossy leaves, and the crimson-red flowers appear during the summer months. I have seen this very beautiful as a hedge plant in the South of England, where it may be grown as a bush in the open or against a wall. There is no need to be particular about the soil, as the *Escallonia* will grow almost anywhere, unless the soil is very heavy. It may be interesting also to mention that the cuttings strike easily in the open garden in light, sandy soil. This *Escallonia* may be planted now, also the lovely *E. exoniensis*, which is distinguished by beautiful foliage during the winter months. *E. rubra* is a variety famous for the richness of its flower colouring. Another *Escallonia* that one values for its beauty is *Langleyensis*, which was raised by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons. This is suitable for a wall; the flowers are rosy carmine in colour and smother the bush.

The Barberries form a charming group for the colour of their fruits, and in some instances of the leaves also. In the notes from Leonardslee *Berberis Darwinii* is mentioned, and rightly so, as a common but beautiful ornamental shrub "well worthy of a place in every garden, and when in a



group consisting of twelve plants each, a beautiful picture is the result; it is easily increased from either seed or layers. Hard pruning is necessary for this *Berberis* to keep the growth within reasonable limits." A *Berberis* with which I have no great acquaintance is *B. stenophylla gracilis*, the most charming as described of the varieties of this beautiful shrub. It has "arching branches, very small leaves, is dense in growth, and sometimes attains a height of 10ft. or even more; the flowers are yellow and cover the shrub—a glorious picture of colour when in full beauty. Plant it some distance from a walk, as this *Berberis* objects to disturbance, frequently dying under the ordeal. It is easily increased by seed and layers." *B. Thunbergi* is one of the most interesting and attractive of shrubs. In spring the slender shoots with the newly-born leaves just peeping out are a contrast to the tiny white flowers, and in autumn the leaves turn to a deep crimson shade, the whole plant a mass of wonderful colouring. As my correspondent mentions, "few if any shrubs excel this for colour; it is simply gorgeous." A few plants in prominent positions show to great advantage; it is easy to grow and not particular as to soil. A shrub I have a great love for is *Andromeda floribunda*, which should be more grown in our gardens. The leaves are small and crowd thickly on the shoots, while the flowers are white and in small spikes, suggestive of the Lily of the Valley. It is frequently in bloom before the end of February, and, to quote from the notes sent, "it is easy to grow and not particular as to soil, but prefers one that is deep, that has been trenched and enriched with leaf-mould and cow-manure; it can be layered or struck from cuttings, and is easily transplanted, as when lifted the soil clings round the roots, that is, of course, if the plant is fairly healthy." *A. japonica* is another of its race that should receive greater attention; "it is very hardy,

Snowy *Mespilus* (*Amelanchier canadensis*), *Pyrus spectabilis*, which will grow to a height of 20ft., the Mexican Orange-flower (*Choisya ternata*), the charming small-leaved *Olearia Gunni*, *Dendromecon rigidus*, *Clerodendron trichotomum*, the recently-introduced *Jasminum primulinum*, a fine shrub for a sunny and sheltered wall, and introduced by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons; it is somewhat tender, and the most beautiful plants I



E. J. Wallis. MOVING A TREE IN THE ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

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have seen of it have been in a greenhouse in the South of England; however, it may be trusted out of doors. Other shrubs that may be recommended are the blue-flowered *Caryopteris Mastacanthus*; the beautiful *Desmodium pendulifolium*, a lovely plant when in bloom, and it fortunately blooms late in summer when flowering shrubs are scarce—it has long pendulous racemes of a reddish purplish colour, and sometimes requires a little litter or ashes over the roots in severe winters (February is the best month for transplanting); *Eucryphia pinnatifida*, *Fremontia californica*, the Bottle Brush from New Zealand (*Metrosideros floribunda*), and *Pittosporum Tobira*, a Japanese shrub for a south wall. C.



E. J. Wallis. A WINTER PICTURE: THE WHITE-STEMMED BRAMBLE.

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and one of the finest for effect; the flowers are creamy white, hang in long racemes, and are a pure delight to see when they are at their best." It grows quickly if well cared for, and no season is better for transplanting than the present. This enables the shrub to become established before flowering-time.

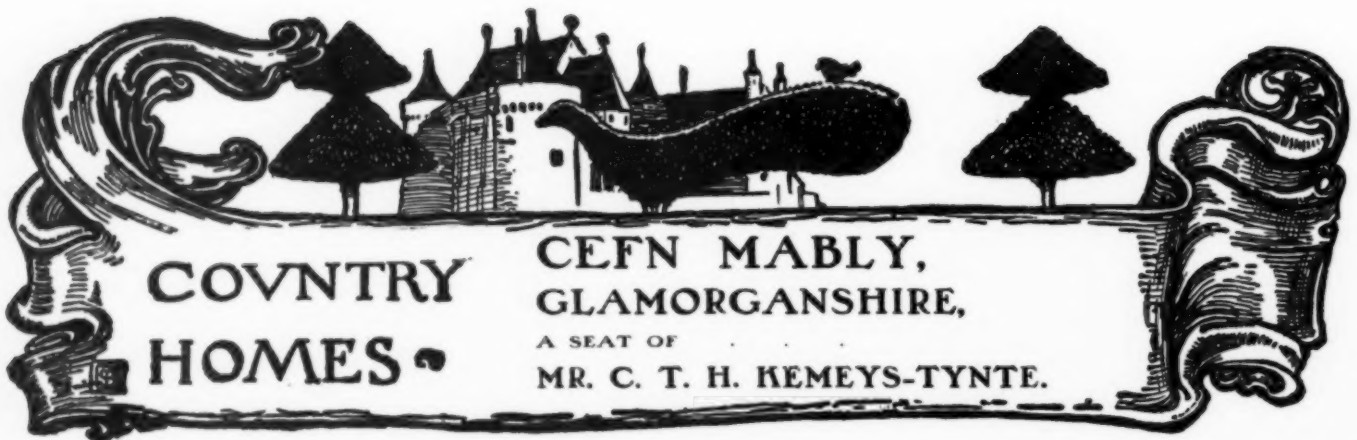
Several other shrubs and trees give much beauty to the garden, and are delightful features of a well-cared-for garden—the

THE WHITE-STEMMED BRAMBLE. THIS illustration is from a photograph taken in the beautiful gardens at Kew. It represents a group of the white-stemmed Himalayan Bramble (*Rubus biflorus*). When planted in rich loam it develops to a height of from 9ft. to 12ft., and the prickly stems covered with white blooms have a picturesque beauty on a clear moonlit winter night. There is no better season for planting it than the present.

MOVING A TREE IN THE ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

The accompanying illustration is interesting as showing the way a large tree is removed in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and, of course, such a method has a general application. It is often necessary when making new gardens or altering old ones to remove trees which possess some personal interest, or that may be used to advantage in other parts of the estate. We are thinking of trees that cannot be moved in the ordinary way, and, of course, by moving large trees an effect is created at once, which in this hurrying age is to many almost

a necessity. The machine shown in the illustration is one of Barron's tree-lifting machines, and with this a weight of 7 tons can be carried. The mechanism is simple and quickly understood by an intelligent workman. The fore and back parts of the machine are connected by two strong beams, 16ft. in length, and as these beams have to support the whole weight, they are very strong; the depth is 10½in. and the width 6in. The two beams are 5ft. apart and the top is 6ft. from the ground,



IN treating last week of Halswell, we saw how the marriage of Sir John Tynte with the heiress of Sir Charles Kemeys had led to the junction of the Halswell and Cefn Mably estates. Before that occurred those portions of the house more particularly represented in the accompanying illustrations had already assumed their present appearance. It is, therefore, with the Kemeyses that Cefn Mably is most closely associated, and of that family some account must be given. Though old genealogists claim for them a Norman pedigree, it is as imaginative and unproven as if it were Welsh. They would have it that Kemeys is a form of de Camoys, and that their ancestor is on the Battle Abbey roll. As a matter of fact, Kemeys is a place name, one Stephen, whom we find witnessing a Tintern charter in Henry III.'s time, being called de Kemeys because he held that Monmouthshire manor under the Marshalls, Earls of Pembroke. A century later his descendants are lords, not only of Kemeys, but of Began. Began is also in Monmouthshire, and is on the eastern bank of the Rhymney River, whose western bank is in Glamorganshire. It is on the steep hill above this western bank that Cefn Mably stands, and so the lords or Began and the lords of Cefn Mably could easily quarrel or shake hands across the swift-running stream that plentifully supplied

them with trout. The intercourse between the neighbours seems to have been friendly enough, for in the early part of the fifteenth century, David, a grandson of John ap Jevan, lord of Kemeys and Began, married Cecil, daughter and heir of Llewelyn ap Evan ap Llewelyn ap Cynrig of Cefn Mably, and became the possessor of that fine estate. Of his wife's ancestors we know nothing, and perhaps that is fortunate, for as they were sufficiently Welsh to exist without surnames, their enumeration would be tedious to the modern mind. Nor do we know what manner of dwelling they inhabited. There are but few traces of original Gothic work remaining, for the little chapel and the back part of the house, which are in this style, were rebuilt in modern times. If the window of the chancel is a reproduction of the original one, the latter might have been earlier than the time of David Kemeys's occupation. On the other hand, the portions of Gothic mouldings and tracery which faintly appear bedded in the walls of the south-east front, by the sides of the windows of Queen Anne's time, are probably no earlier than the first Tudor reign. Here and there windows of the ages of Elizabeth or James have been allowed to remain in unimportant places, and there is some little interior work and furniture of that time, just as a wardrobe which has twenty-four

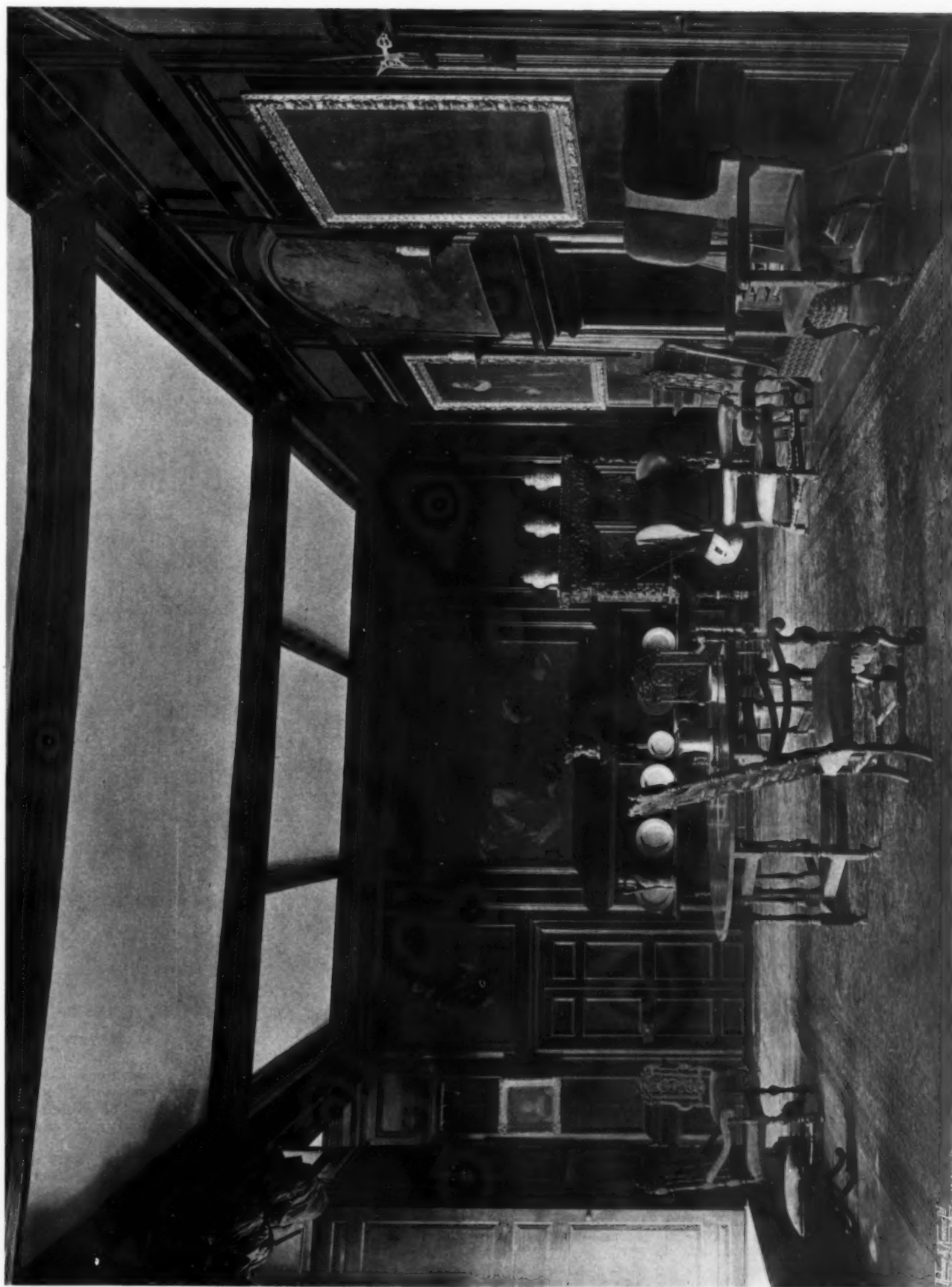


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FROM THE CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

ENTRANCE HALL.

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panels with medallion heads in profile or with scrolls in the Italian Renaissance manner would seem to indicate that a Kemeys in the time of Henry VIII. improved and decorated his house. But it is for its good and picturesque post-Restoration features that Cefn Mably is now remarkable, and the great lead cistern in the kitchen, with its inscription of "C. K. 1713," is evidence that some at least of the work of that time was carried out by the last of the male line of Kemeys of Cefn Mably, and brother of the Lady Tynte who inherited it after his death in 1735. Between the time when David Kemeys became possessed of Cefn Mably and the day when the last Sir Charles "was alive and dead," much water ran under the bridge which connects their Glamorganshire seat with the Monmouthshire church of Michaelstone-y-Vedw, the transept of which is their burying-place. During these three centuries, Cefn Mably was held by thirteen members of the family, of whom the most interesting were connected with Llanvair Castle. Llanvair-Discoed is a parish on the edge of the forest-land of Gwent, and nestles at the foot of the Mynydd Llwyd, or Grey Hill. On a spur of the hill-land, overlooking the village, was set one of the many fortalices which, under the headship of the great castle at Chepstow, guarded the rich English-settled lowlands

came to her great-uncle, Rhys's second son, Sir Nicholas of Llanvair. Sir Nicholas is described to us as "a man of gigantic strength and stature," and he seems to have been as strong and active in mind as in body. He sat in Parliament for Monmouth Borough long before his succession to Cefn Mably, and after that event he was Sheriff of Glamorgan. The breach between King and Parliament was now threatening, and Sir Nicholas, with most of the gentry of South Wales, was eagerly on the Royal side. He does not seem to have been a Member of the Long Parliament at first, but was returned for Glamorganshire in 1642—the year of Edgehill, when Oxford became the Royal headquarters and the meeting-place of the Members of Parliament who sided with the King. But military rather than civil duties occupied Sir Nicholas. He raised a regiment of horse, and for a time he was Governor of Cardiff Castle. So far, he had been outdistanced in loyal zeal by his nephew by marriage, Trevor Williams of Llangibby, and both had been rewarded with baronetcies in May, 1642. But when evil times came to Charles I., Sir Nicholas remained staunch, while Sir Trevor took to hedging. Naseby was fought in June, 1645, and after this fatal defeat Charles fled to Wales, and the next



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from the inroads of the native hill-dwellers. When Coxe visited the castle towards the end of the eighteenth century, there were ample ruins of a very considerable extent of buildings, and there are, even now, the remains of the keep and of the round towers. It was long held by the FitzPaines, but, after passing through many other hands, it reverted to the Crown, and was granted to Thomas Woodward, who conveyed it to Rhys Kemeys. He was a younger son of David Kemeys, who died seized of Cefn Mably in 1564, and he was a barrister of the Inner Temple. His connection with the law no doubt brought him into contact with a Welsh neighbour, an Aubrey of Llantrithyd, who, of the same profession, was Master of the Court of Requests to Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Aubrey's daughter, Wilsophet, became the wife of Rhys Kemeys, who, on his elder brother's death, held Cefn Mably, as well as Llanvair. On his death, however, the estates were again separated, to be again united in 1637, and thus to remain to the present day. Rhys's eldest son, David, had Cefn Mably, and from him it descended to his son, and thence to his grand-daughter. They all proved short-lived, and on the death of Elizabeth Kemeys in 1637, Cefn Mably

month he was staying about in the district round Cardiff and Newport and intending to cross over to Somerset. But Fairfax was triumphing even in that loyal county, and the King remained where he was, Raglan and Chepstow being his outposts towards England, and loyalty apparently still reigning around him. The prudent, however, were looking ahead, and in September Sir Trevor's conduct was so suspicious that he was put under arrest. He was, however, bailed out, and at once went over to the other side. Next month Chepstow Castle was lost to the King and conferred by Parliament on Cromwell. What Sir Nicholas's precise occupation was at this time does not appear. Cefn Mably was no place to stand a siege; but of the frequent presence of Sir Nicholas's troopers here during those years the name of the "Soldiers' Gallery" remains as evidence, as also the immense table it contains. An upper-floor gallery, wainscotted in the Jacobean manner, connects the house with the church, and it is below this that the long, low room is situated which contains the remarkable piece of furniture that is illustrated. It will be observed that four of its fourteen legs are left plain, as if there had been some haste in the manufacture. The top consists of a single





THE SOLDIERS' GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plank over 42ft. long and 4½in. thick, testifying to the splendid growth of the oaks in this district. With the fall of Raglan, in August, 1646, resistance ended, and Sir Nicholas, as one of the worst of the "malignants," was confined for a considerable time. But he was again at large when, early in 1648, Charles published his appeal against the decision of the Parliament—now under the thumb of the Army—to treat no further with him. Undoubtedly, the country was against the high-handed action of the Army. There were many risings in the King's favour, and Sir Nicholas Kemeys was willing to risk all for his Sovereign. The feeling against the Army was so strong in South Wales that Poyer, a Parliamentary colonel, hoisted the Royal Standard at Pembroke. Though too wary to declare himself, Sir Trevor Williams was again on the waver, and evidence afterwards reached Cromwell that he it was who pulled the strings which enabled his uncle, Sir Nicholas, one night at the beginning of May, to possess himself, through the treachery of the officer in charge, of the western gate of Chepstow Castle. The very slight resistance of the garrison shows that a considerable portion of it sympathised with Sir Nicholas, who became master of the castle and held it

but he had no idea of giving in. At last a great breach was made in the curtain wall "so low that a man might walk in." Many of the besieged saw that the game was up, and Mr. Lewis of St. Pierre—then a chief landowner in the district, as his descendant is now—acted as their spokesman and tried to get terms. Colonel Ewer refused to treat with any but Sir Nicholas, and, standing on the drawbridge, parleyed with him and said he must yield to mercy. This the old baronet "swore he would not," and the negotiation ended so far as he was concerned. But most of his men accepted the offer and slipped out at the breach as Ewer's men poured in. A faithful band rallied round their dogged leader, and more than one, including "him that betrayed the castle," died with him in the scuffle that ensued. Among the prisoners was his son and successor, Charles. He was condemned to two years of exile and to compound for his estates—the rental of which was estimated at £1,800 a year—in the large sum of £5,262. He did not live to see the turn of the tide, but died in the same year as did his enemy Oliver Cromwell, and he left a minor to succeed him. To this minority is very likely in part due the restoration of the family finances which enabled the third and fourth baronets to



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WEST SIDE OF DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with 160 men for the King. Cromwell had at once seen that South Wales was the point of danger, and thither he marched, his main objective being Pembroke. On May 10th he reached Chepstow, but when Sir Nicholas refused to obey his summons to surrender, he continued his march westward, leaving Colonel Ewer with a strong force to lay siege to the castle. There had been no time to properly provision it, but the garrison hoped to keep the river access open, and had a boat moored in the little cleft of the precipitous rock, above which is still the vaulted chamber into which supplies could be hauled up, or from which men could let themselves down by ropes. One night, however, a Parliamentary soldier swam the river, with his knife in his mouth, and cut the boat adrift. As a couple of guns of large calibre had by this time arrived from Gloucester, matters began to look dark for the Royalists. "We razed the battlements of their towers with our great guns," wrote Colonel Ewer, "and made their guns useless for them. We also played with our shorter pieces into the castle. One shot fell into the governor's chamber, which caused him to remove his lodgings." Poor Sir Nicholas's "gigantic stature" would make him an easy target,

give to Cefn Mably the distinctive character of their day. They had not, indeed, the means to build anew and on as great a scale as did their neighbours at Tredegar, Ruperra and Llangibby, but they were able to deck out the ancient fabric, both within and without, with Palladian work of a good if homely kind. A charming Queen Anne home will surely be the verdict of anyone seeing its long south-east front, the pleasant lines of its windows, with their arched and keyed architraves of wood and their well-proportioned and original sash-bars, broken by more than one excrescence, and varied by the Gothic church at the south-west end. A coved cornice supports a stone-tiled roof, to which the dormers and chimney-stacks give adequate relief and sky-line. The set of great magnolia trees that cover so much of the walling seem exactly in character with the place, and the general environment is equally fitting. The house stands high on the much-broken and well-wooded ground that rises rapidly from the river bank. To the north the hill-land continues and sweeps round to the west as a prominent spur, which is included in the picturesque and extensive park. South and east, beyond the garden terraces, the view





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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

is open across the lowland, through which the Rhymney winds tortuously to its outlet into the Severn Sea. Again, beyond that gleaming stretch of water, dotted with the shipping of Cardiff and of Newport, rise the Somerset hills, and only the western spur of the park prevents the eye from seeking out Halswell, set on the Quantock slopes. Halswell and Cefn Mably must have been in the builders' hands at much the same time, under the directions of Sir Halswell Tynte and Sir Charles Kemeys, who then little suspected that the marriage of their children would join the two estates. But the Palladian work at Halswell is of a much more stately and ambitious kind than that at Cefn Mably. Architecturally speaking, the former commands our respect, the latter our affection, for there is something native, sympathetic and unpretentious about it, though it may lack finish and symmetry, and thus offended the classic taste of Mr. Benjamin Malkin, M.A., F.S.A., who visited it when the nineteenth century opened, and assures us in his "South Wales" that "the house in point of architecture is tasteless and insignificant, low and irregular." The interior probably displeased him as much as the exterior. There is little of the elaborate craftsmanship and ceremonious planning which we found at Halswell. The substance of the older house was almost entirely retained, and a great part of the southern elevation is occupied, not by a suite of reception-rooms, but by kitchens; for the mediæval arrangement of an entrance behind screens, with the hall on one side and the offices on the other, was not destroyed but only modified. The screen is removed and we enter direct into the hall, whose ceiling beams betray their sixteenth century origin, but whose other features are of the Queen Anne type. The wainscotting of large raised panels reaches to the ceiling, its cornice mouldings being of the same depth but not of the same section as the earlier beams. The arching of the windows is matched by a similar arching of the panels over the fireplace and some of the doors, these panels being filled with landscapes; while other over-door panels are square-headed and contain portraits of the Kemeyses, who look down on furniture which they probably put there. There are oak tables of the time of Sir Nicholas and of the first Sir Charles, and there are walnut chairs contemporary with the latter's son and grandson. West of the hall lies the drawing-room, whose cornice and pediments are remarkable for their bold and simple modillions, which give character to the plain wainscotting, there being little ornament about the room except on the mantel-piece. This mantel-piece is the third example from the same general design that has recently appeared in these pages. The finest of the three is at Wolterton, and it was remarked in the article on that place that the trick of burying the drapery swag in the framework of the structure and bringing it out again at another point was one which Inigo Jones—whose favourite device was a mask with drapery scrolls—would not have countenanced. But although there is no mantel-piece known to have been made during Inigo Jones's lifetime which has this particular conceit, yet it does appear among the designs which Inigo Jones's early eighteenth century admirers and followers published as being by the master. Many of these, however, were copies, more or less exact, made by his kinsman and successor, John Webb, while others are only interpretations and adaptations by later hands, who, like Sir William Chambers, as late as George III.'s time, draws out such a design and labels it his "invention." There are, therefore, many such eighteenth century mantel-pieces in London and the provinces, and it is difficult to decide whether Inigo Jones is or is not directly responsible for the precise manner in which the swag is treated which appears at Wolterton, of which Ripley was architect; at Halswell, where the mantel-piece in the saloon has only recently been placed there, having come from a house in Essex and being attributed to Abraham Swan; and also at Cefn Mably, where the design, no doubt, was obtained from professional sources; but the treatment implies clever, but not highly-trained, craftsmanship, and may be put down to local workmen. In the library and billiard-room, which are both upstairs and have white painted wainscotting resembling that in the drawing-room, there are handsome and well-proportioned chimney-pieces rising to the ceiling, whose upper portions have bold drapery swags surrounding a central panel. But here again there is none of the finish which distinguishes the fine examples of the school of craftsmanship of which Grinling Gibbons was the head. Cefn Mably is peculiarly interesting as evidencing the good taste and the appreciative feeling for line and proportion which ruled at this time even provincially. It is essentially the outcome of its own district; but it has all the good qualities of metropolitan work except technical perfection of handling. The second Sir Charles Kemeys, who came into possession of Cefn Mably as a lad on his father's death in 1658, found his wife near by. Mary, daughter and heiress of the fourth Lord Wharton, had married, in 1672, William Thomas of Wenvoe Castle in Glamorganshire, who, through the heiress of one of the branches of the Tredegar Morgans, was also seized of Ruperra—held by Mr. Benjamin Malkin to be the only house in South

Wales designed by Inigo Jones—which lies two miles north of Cefn Mably. William Thomas died in 1677, leaving to his widow the management of both Wenvoe and Ruperra during his son's minority. Next year, by her marriage with Sir Charles Kemeys, the management of Cefn Mably was added to her employments, and her household book still survives as an important domestic document illustrating the manners and customs of Glamorganshire at the end of the seventeenth century. It was, probably, after this marriage that the rebuilding of Cefn Mably was undertaken. Ruperra would be convenient as a residence while the workmen were in occupation next door, and it was at Ruperra that their son and heir, Charles, was born in 1688. Yet if this lady of noble lineage and organising capacity had anything to do with the transformation of her husband's house, it is singular that the Wharton maunch does not seem to appear on the fabric impaled by the Kemeyses' pheons. The latter were used alone, which seems to imply that the third Sir Charles—who lived and died a bachelor—was responsible for the work after he succeeded his father in 1702, and the date on the lead cistern supports this theory. Even so, it is rather remarkable that he did not quarter his mother's arms, as she was an heiress, and it is through their descent from her that, at a later date, the Kemeys-Tyntes sought to have the Wharton barony called out of abeyance in their favour.

The last of the Kemeyses of Cefn Mably was, like his great-grandfather, a supporter of the Stewarts and an unbending Tory. It is said of him that, though in his foreign travels he had frequented and been a favourite at the Court of Hanover before 1714, yet, when the Elector became King of England he refused to attend his levées in London. "Poo! Poo!" said the King, "tell him he must come up—I long to smoke a pipe with him." But Sir Charles declined the invitation with this message, "I should be happy to smoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover, but I cannot think of it as King of England." He served his county in Parliament and in the Shrievalty, but died in 1735 at the age of forty-seven. On his father's demise, thirty-three years before this, his sister Jane seems to have gone to stay with her aunts in Somerset. There she would come across Sir John Tynte, who had just succeeded to Halswell, and two years later she was married to him from her aunt's home at Clapton-in-Gordano. When, after a long widowhood, she died in 1747 her youngest son, Sir Charles Kemeys-Tynte, became lord of Cefn Mably, as he already was of Halswell by the death of his elder brothers. The pictures of himself and of his wife, which hang in the drawing-room, and the fire-back quartering the arms of the two families in the hall of Cefn Mably prove that he did not desert his mother's place. Yet it then became and has since remained a subsidiary residence, Halswell, as it had already triumphed over Chelvey, now maintaining its pre-eminence over its Glamorganshire rival. Still, Cefn Mably did not, like Chelvey, have its "apartments locked up and its windows blinded." It has often been inhabited and has ever been cared for and repaired. It has never suffered from neglect, and has escaped the danger of losing the old-world flavour which pervades it. How strong this is shown by two surviving details: the one is the wheel into which a dog was placed to turn the spit before the kitchen fire; the other is the gallows on the back stairs. Are they a survival of ancient mediæval jurisdiction, appertaining to the lord of the soil, or are they a later introduction of Sir Nicholas Kemeys for keeping order in the time of civil discord? The staircase whose well they occupy are about of his time. But no doubt if ever he used them, he claimed to be merely exercising a right that had belonged to his ancestor, "Llewelyn ap Evan ap Llewelyn ap Cynrig of Cefn Mably." T.

## NATURAL HISTORY . . . FOR SPORTSMEN.

PROFESSOR LYDEKKER has set an example which we hope will be followed by several learned writers on natural history. He has written a book called "The Sportsman's British Bird Book" (Rowland Ward), the object of which is to set forth facts very plainly and clearly without those technicalities which hide the meaning in so many works of a similar kind. It may be as well to say here that the method followed in the illustrations has been that of photographing specimens set up in Mr. Rowland Ward's place at Piccadilly for this particular purpose. Many of these have been presented by Mr. Ward to the Natural History Museum. They serve their purpose admirably, in so far as that purpose is to enable the sporting breeder to identify each particular species. The idea of the book is excellent. Few of those who take a delight in shooting fail also to take pleasure in natural history. They may not study it deeply; but in wandering over the fields or in the woodland it is always a pleasure to them to come across a bird—we were going to say that is unfamiliar, but the phrase would be too exclusive. As a matter of fact, the sight even of the commonest birds will often afford a pleasure of the sincerest kind. Richard Jefferies, the most absolutely sincere lover of Nature produced in the last generation, has told us that to come across a duck swimming on a lake was a



joy to him. He had probably seen the same thing some thousands of times, and yet the pleasure which such a common sight yielded never grew stale. The sportsman is then first of all anxious to know the habits and characteristics of game-birds. Some understanding of their habits is necessary to his sport. Dr. Lydekker has gratified that curiosity by dealing first with the birds that come under the Game Laws, and he treats of them under their common English names. His first section, for instance, deals with the capercaillie, blackcock, grouse, ptarmigan, pheasant, partridge, red-legged partridge, quail, Virginian quail and Pallas's sand-grouse. These are all creatures of the sportsman's quest, and we learn from the introduction that the excellent descriptions of them are from the pen of Mr. W. P. Pyecraft. The little monographs on these birds tell everything that one who is not a specialist wants to know. From them Professor Lydekker goes on to the pigeons, the ring-dove, stock-dove, rock-dove and turtle-dove. In this connection there is an interesting speculation about what is called the "homing" instinct of birds. It is quite impossible, according to our author, that the eye can be the guide, and he rejects the suggestion that the sense of smell can guide them, because "young pigeons are frequently unable to discover the whereabouts of their own dove-cote despite the overpowering odour issuing therefrom." He considers it more probable "that these birds are endowed with some sense of orientating their position quite unknown to ourselves." We doubt that for a very simple reason. It was once the business of the writer to train birds for newspaper purposes, and experience showed that often the most resolute and trustworthy homers took the longest time to make out where they were. They learned to do a long journey by stages. At first they were flown at a very short distance from their cote, and then taken further and further afield

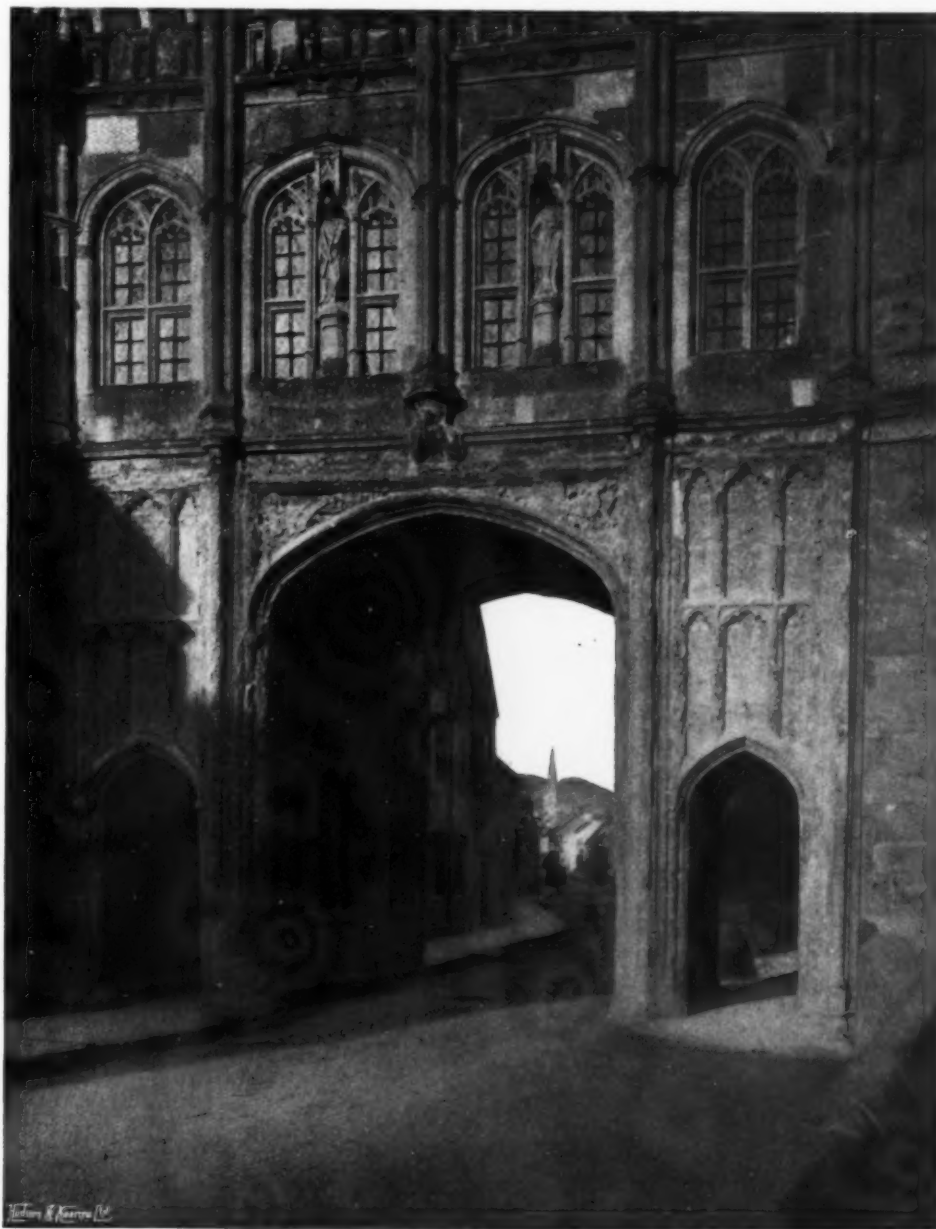
till they could be trusted to fly straight home over a distance of twenty or thirty miles. Of course, this might have been made much longer; but, as it happened in the particular case quoted, that was the space they had to cover in order that the required work might be done. But if they had had a sixth sense, the difference between a mile and twenty miles would not have mattered much. Besides, they were completely beaten in fog, which also points to sight as being their guiding sense. Following the pigeons we have an interesting section devoted to the rail tribe, which includes the water-rail, corn-crake, little crake, Baillon's crake, spotted crake, moorhen and coot. It has frequently been pointed out that of late the corn-crake is much less numerous than used to be the case. When the present writer was a boy, several of these birds could be heard simultaneously wherever there was young grass, corn, or even a large growth of nettles. Now, in the same neighbourhood, days may pass without the familiar voice being heard. A similar story is told in various parts of the country, and it would be very interesting if an authority of Dr. Lydekker's standing would tell us, first, if the bird be decreasing in numbers, and secondly, if this is so, what the reason of it is. The grebes and divers form a most interesting group, though we are a little surprised at the statement that the dabchick is less abundant than formerly in the Thames and its tributaries. This does not agree with our own observation, though it may possibly be true of the Thames itself. In the "gull group" it is hinted that the roseate tern is rehabilitated as a breeding species in Great Britain. It is to be feared that the experiments in this direction have not been successful yet with this, the most beautiful of the terns. The sportsman will naturally turn to the falcon and eagle group, in which he is instinctively interested. This is very well done indeed, and there is no portion of this volume more certain to arrest attention.

## THE NOOKS & CORNERS OF WELLS CATHEDRAL.

NEAR a spring, rising at the foot of the Mendip Hills, dedicated to St. Andrew and generally known as the Wells, Ina, King of the West Saxons, founded a church of secular canons in A.D. 704, and two centuries

later the place was chosen as the seat of a new bishopric by King Edward the Elder. The spring still rises, clear and abundant, in its grass-surrounded pool, while south of it stands the palace of the bishops and to the north the cathedral of the diocese.

The unchanging spring has seen changes enough in the buildings that surround it. The humble dwelling of the Saxon prelates gave way under the Plantagenets to more sumptuous edifices, of which the noble hall, built by Edward I.'s great Minister, Robert Burnell, was the crown. That hall is now in ruins; but the present bishop still dwells in a portion, much modernised but yet picturesque and agreeable, of the ample home of his mediæval predecessors. Ruin and rebuilding, misuse and restoration, have also been the frequent fate of the great church. The Normans did not care for so sequestered and little populous a place as Wells, and preferred the busier city of Bath. At Bath, moreover, the first bishop appointed after the Conquest, John de Villula, a native of Tours, had practised medicine, and hither he moved the See. He it was who built the great Norman abbey church there, which had fallen into decay and was being replaced by the present smaller minster, when the abbey was swept away in Henry VIII.'s time. De Villula was too absorbed with Bath to have a thought for Wells, and when Robert, a monk of Lewes, was made bishop in 1135, he found the Saxon church ruinous, and set about repairing and rebuilding. He also sought to calm the passionate jealousy and dislike which had arisen between the men of the two ecclesiastical centres of his diocese, and decided to take his style and title not from one, but from both, and bishops of Bath and Wells have he and his successors ever since been. Although all trace of the round arch is lacking in the nave of Wells, there are authorities who have attributed that part of the present cathedral to the times of Bishop Robert and of his successor, Fitz-Jocelyn. It has, however, more of the characteristics of the early years of the thirteenth century, in which case it would belong to the age of Wells's most magnificent builder, Jocelyn Trotman, the author of the west front, who ruled the See from 1206 to 1243. He is



F. H. Evans. BISHOP BECKINGTON'S BRIDGE TO THE VICAR'S CLOSE. Copyright.

often called Jocelyn of Wells, and a man of Wells he proved himself to be, for he spent his long reign of over a third of a century in general improvements of the See as well as in his great building works. "God, to square his great undertakings, gave him a long life to his large heart," says old Fuller of him, and certainly the west front of Wells was a most noble undertaking to conceive, commence and complete. It is among quite the finest architectural achievements of the grand age of Gothic which produced the cathedral of Salisbury and the abbeys of Westminster and Tintern. But it is very well known, and it is of some of the less noticed portions of the fabric of the cathedral—picturesque corners or splendid details—that it is now proposed to offer a few pictures and say a few words. Though, when Jocelyn of Wells died in 1243, it was only the west front and the nave and transepts, such as we

know them, that were complete, yet his general conception was so fine and the craftsmanship which he introduced was so excellent, that his spirit dominated the whole building until the finishing touches were given by Bishop Beckington. Jocelyn was abroad during those years that England lay under an interdict, owing to King John's refusal to accept Stephen Langton as Archbishop, and no doubt he learnt much during that time from foreign builders. It was the age when Nicolo Pisano, rightly termed "the restorer of sculpture" in Italy, was at work at Orvieto, and nothing is more remarkable about the west front of Wells than the great advance in art shown by its numerous figures. It must be remembered that the work at Wells was probably all native, and that it is half a century earlier than the cathedral of Amiens, which was one of the finest of the thirteenth century French creations. Moreover, anatomy was then an



S. G. Kimber.

STAIRWAY TO CHAPTER HOUSE AND VICAR'S CLOSE.

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unknown science, and even optics and perspective had not yet received the attention of Roger Bacon, who was a lad in Jocelyn's time. Yet even Flaxman, with his perfect appreciation of Greek art and his knowledge of the human frame, was in the habit of directing his pupils' attention to the Wells sculptures, as examples not of learned perfection, but of instinctive power of expression and of grace.

It was soon after Jocelyn's time that the building of the chapter house and of its adjuncts were commenced. Its undercroft is generally set down as dating from the time when Burnell was bishop, while the chapter house itself was completed under his successor, William de la March, and these two ruled the See, while Edward I. ruled the kingdom. The crypt, though an undercroft to the chapter house, is above ground, and is, therefore, well lighted. It shows Early English work passing to Decorated. Its centre is occupied by a great octagonal pier, which shows through the open door in our picture. Its eight circular shafts support the vaulting ribs, which, again, rest on eight round pillars, forming a ring half-way between the central pier and the outer walls, and carrying on their outer sides a second set of vaults. The fine original ironwork on the door should be noted. It appears in two of our pictures, the smaller of these showing the passage which leads to the crypt, a very picturesque spot, with its massive vaulting ribs centring in great foliated bosses. Three small windows admit narrow shafts of light, while at the corner of the third window, opening near to the door of the crypt, a delicately-carved stone lantern is built into the wall. A doorway of a different type, fitted with double doors of oak planks panelled out with well-preserved Gothic tracery, opens on to the chapter house stairway. Built in the closing years of the thirteenth century, its general architecture is fully Decorated in type, as is that of the chapter house itself.

The rich clustering of the shafts and the elaborate tracery of the windows appear on the left of our picture, which does not, however, show the first vaulting shafts, whose corbels represent a nun and a monk trampling on serpents. The monk we illustrate. It is a delightful little example of the Wells sculptures. It is, of course, later than Jocelyn's work on the west front, but it shows the same excellence. The monk is full of character in his expression, his dress and his attitude; yet he is not a figure casually placed for ornament, but falls in with the general constructive lines, and with the forms and proportions of the whole design. It is, however, the stairway itself which gives the greatest charm and character to this building. The tread of feet passing up and down daily for centuries has worn the steps into curves and hollows, till they resemble a gentle swell of the sea. The chapter house is at right angles to the spring of the stair, and there is no room for a landing. The stairs, therefore, curve round to it like a mighty wave, while at the same time they maintain a narrow way on the left, so as to be able to continue their straight course upwards. They broaden out, but soon narrow down again so as



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DOORWAY TO THE CHAPTER HOUSE UNDERCROFT.

"C.L."

to pass through a Perpendicular doorway set into the Decorated wall, and then complete their ascent to the gallery, which occupies the upper storey of the Chain Gate, and forms the bridge that connects the Vicar's Close with the cathedral. When we reach the Perpendicular doorway on the stair we spring forward, architecturally speaking, a century and more and reach the age of another of Wells's great building bishops. Thomas, a lad from the clothier village of Beckington, which lies near the Wiltshire border of Somerset, was a protégé of William of Wykeham and an early scholar at his foundations at Winchester and Oxford. He became Secretary and Privy Seal to Henry VI., and his letters to eminent men both in England and at Rome still form an interesting collection.

He got abundant church preferment, but was immersed in affairs of State until he was nominated to the See of Wells in 1443. Then he gave himself up almost entirely to the affairs of his diocese and the improvement of its cathedral and city. His friend and Diocesan Chancellor, Chandler, tells us that "this man by his sole industry and disbursements raised this city to its present state of splendour; fortifying the church in the strongest manner with gates, towers and walls, and building the palace in

which he lives, with other edifices, in the most sumptuous style; so that he not only merits to be called the founder, but more deservedly the grace and ornament of the church." If this is an exaggeration of Beckington's benefits to Wells, it is so not because of lack of will, but of lack of opportunity. He found cathedral, palace and precincts almost complete, and his difficulty was to discover a sufficient field for his building energy. He completed the cloisters and to a great extent rebuilt the College of Vicars Choral, and, as we have seen, connected their close with the cathedral. But it was as a builder of gatehouses that he distinguished himself. That to the palace had bastion towers, drawbridge and portcullis after the manner of fifteenth century castles. The three entrances to the cathedral close, on the other hand, exhibit less defensive strength but richer decorative features. They all display their builder's arms and his favourite badge or rebus, a tun, out of which issues a flaming beacon. The gallery over the Chain Gate, which is illustrated here, is not only a beautiful thing in itself, but enhances the appearance and improves the grouping of the splendid mass of building of which it is an outlier. The main entrance to the close from the city is by the "Pennisless Porch," which Beckington devised as merely one feature of a whole set of buildings so complete and excellent that, even towards the end of the great building era of the Tudor Henrys, Leland was able to say: "This cumly peace of work was made by Bisshop Bekington, that mynded, yf he had lyvid lengger, to have buildid other xii on the South side of the market Steede, the which work if he had complishid it had bene a spectable to al market places in the West cuntrey." The Georgian era sashed and re-fronted the twelve houses which the bishop did build and which occupy the north side of the market-place. But the old lines and some of the old features, such as string-



A CORBEL ON CHAPTER HOUSE STAIRWAY.

courses, are still visible, and a removal of the plaster would, no doubt, reveal remnants of the Gothic windows, doorways and other details of Beckington's age, so that it would be by no means impossible to give back to the market-place much of the appearance which Leland praised. The fifteenth century produced few more interesting and excellent characters than Thomas de Beckington, and this fact should have given extraordinary value to the tomb and chantry which commemorated him in the cathedral of the diocese to which he devoted the last twenty years of his life and a great part of the wealth he had amassed. He had in his lifetime set this very beautiful and typical little structure centrally under one of the choir arches so that it stood in the choir aisle, but also slightly projected into the choir itself, to which it must have added charm and variety. The tomb remains more or less *in situ*. It consists of two stages: on the upper one lies the alabaster effigy of the bishop in his pontificals, on the lower is a cadaver. Angels with long wings occupy the corners, and the ironwork which encloses the monument is admirable. Above it, until a modern architect "knew better," stood the chantry, of which the elaborate canopy still exists, separate, meaningless and forlorn, in a corner of a transept. Of this a picture is given here.

Photography, unfortunately, cannot reveal its full charm, which largely depends upon the delicious quality of the ancient colouring. But it does show much of the splendid character of the sculpture—the angels, with their great wings serving as pendants, the bosses of most delicate foliated work, the crisp and elaborately undercut vine pattern of the cornice, the canopy and tabernacle work at the back once forming part of the altar. In the nave of the church still stand two chantries of much the same date and character as that which once so worthily and so beautifully commemorated Bishop Beckington. The one on the north side of the nave is to



F. H. Evans. MUTILATED CANOPY OF BECKINGTON'S CHANTRY NOW IN ST. CALIXTUS'S CHAPEL. Copyright





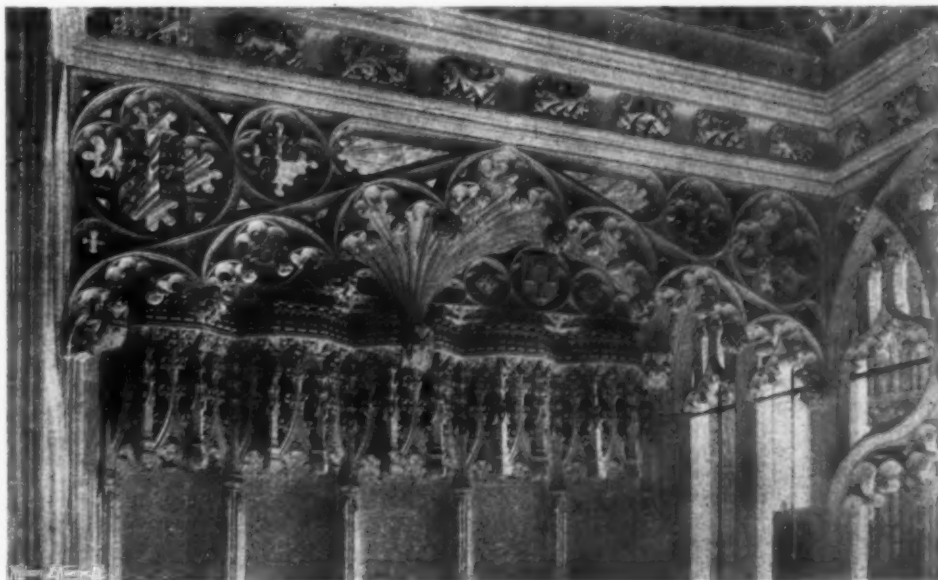
F. H. Evans VAULTED PASSAGE LEADING TO THE UNDERCROFT OF CHAPTER HOUSE.

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the builder of the north tower and of one half the cloisters, to Nicholas Bubwith, who was bishop when Beckington was a lad. That on the south side is Hugh Sugar's chantry. He was one of Beckington's executors, surviving him for a quarter of a century and becoming Dean of Wells. An illustration is given of the canopy of this chantry. It is very similar to Beckington's, but lacks something of the excellence of design and grace of execution of the latter, which was *primus inter pares* of this exceptional trio of fifteenth century chantries. How is it that it no longer stands, complete and beautiful, where Beckington himself built it, redolent of history and association as well as of decorative merit? Does it lie in disconnected fragments—the tomb here, the canopy there, the remaining portions nowhere—as the result of a great social convulsion or of a furious outburst of religious iconoclasm? Oh dear no; its destruction was merely an “improvement” by an “eminent architect”! Half a century ago, Anthony Salvin was let loose in the cathedral and decided on putting in choir stalls. When such churches as Wells and Amiens were built, choir stalls were

invariably placed in an unbroken line within the choir, that is, in front of the piers of the arcading. Those who created fine Gothic architecture, to whom it was a living and original style, whose hearts throbbed and whose brain responded to its spirit and essence, thought this right and proper; but Salvin lived in the nineteenth century, an era of knowledge and advance, and so he knew better. He pushed his new stalls back between the piers in batches of five, as if they were boxes in which to vote by ballot, and in so far as by doing so they are less disagreeably conspicuous and assertive, there is, perhaps, some merit in this arrangement. The only misfortune was that Beckington, living in “the dark ages,” had not anticipated

the vagaries of Gothic revivalist geniuses. Clearly, then, Beckington was wrong, and it was an act of tardy justice to throw down his chantry, and, to quote the late Mr. E. A. Freeman, “set it up where, as covering nothing, it is simply ridiculous and unmeaning.” The modern architectural mind is surely a psychological problem beyond solution—by no means to be grasped and comprehended. It is over half a century since this “intelligent restoration.” by



F. H. Evans. ALTAR CANOPY OF DEAN SUGAR'S CHANTRY.

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Anthony Salvin took place. Are we free from such dangers now? Let those who pride themselves on the advance we have made take a peep into Winchester College Chapel and see what is doing there.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ONLY at very rare intervals may the reader hope to light on a book so novel and attractive as *The People of the Polar North* (Kegan Paul). It is the first of its kind. Other travellers have been attracted by the "Magnetic Pole," but they have written of their adventures in ice and snow, of geographical discovery, of observations in natural history. None has told us of the inner life of the people, their beliefs and traditions. Knud Rasmussen has

the grating of Polar ice. The people have such a hard task to wrest a livelihood from Nature that they have no time to cultivate the refinements of the Temperate Zone. Our literature of love, for example, deals with a feeling that only manifests itself unconsciously among them. The woman is frankly owned by the man. A young seal-catcher is keen to marry because he needs someone to care for his clothes and dress the skins of the animals he hunts down. Children, too, are his only insurance against the wants of old age. It is necessary to seize Time by the forelock, because there are more men than women—a sure sign, by the by, of a decaying race. The scarcity of women is a check on polygamy. Our author says, "In a man's choice of a wife the feelings are not taken into account: considerations of convenience and common-sense alone carry weight. Affection comes as the result of living together." The results, according to Mr. Rasmussen, are at least as satisfactory as those in civilised countries where the basis is formed of love and romance.

"On the whole," he says, "I have retained the pleasantest impression of the mutual relations between man and woman. If we can take their own social and moral ideas as the basis of our judgment, it must be conceded in their favour that their life is happier and more free from care than that of civilised people in general. Life has no bitter disappointments in store for them, because they are not brought up to believe in theories which in practical life collapse."

There are cruel blows at times, but the strong, healthy, well-balanced Eskimo woman does not mind them. She is naturally blithe of heart and utterly unconscious of being the drudge of man. In spite of the material commonplaceness of the matrimonial arrangements, our author has many pathetic tales to tell of the unconquerable love that has sprung up between husband and wife. For their other ideas they are satisfied with a very simple cosmogony. It has many variants, but they are not important. The following is translated from the speech of a wise old woman:

That time, very long ago, when the earth was made, it dropped from above—the soil, the hills and the stones—down from the heavens; and that is how the world came into existence. When the world was made, people came. They say that they came up out of the earth. Babies came out of the earth. They came out among the willow bushes, covered with willow leaves, and they lay there among the dwarf willows with closed eyes and sprawled. They could not even crawl about. They got their food from the earth.

They believe that every person consists of a soul, a body and a name. The soul is immortal. In their heaven a pale sun always shines, and even in winter there is no snow, and the land is full of seals, walrus, narwhals. The body is

the instrument of the soul, which may require it after death. Hence the burial customs. A dead body is laced in skins and dragged to the cairn of burial. The sledge of the dead man is placed beside his grave, and to it are harnessed the dead bodies of his dogs, slain to keep him company. Intricate is the ritual of the dead, but we must confine our attention to a single point:

No one may take anything that has been placed by a grave. If, however, one does so, he must place in the grave some compensation to the dead man's soul. You can pay with hunting and fishing implements, or with meat and blubber; but everything must be in miniature. If you take a kayak, you must place a tiny model in the place of it; if you take a harpoon, it must be replaced by the model of a harpoon; if you intend to pay with meat, the piece need not be larger than a finger's length, for the soul can magnify it for itself.

The beliefs about the name are most curious. It is itself regarded as a kind of soul. But the ideas are inherited, not



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DOOR FROM N. TRANSEPT TO CHAPTER HOUSE STAIRWAY. "C.L."

unique qualifications for doing so. He was born in Greenland, lived there for many years and speaks the language like a native. The reason for this is that his father for twenty years was a Danish missionary in Greenland. It is hinted that he has Eskimo blood in his veins. However that may be, he has presented us with a wonderful story of the strange Northern Pagans whose manners and customs are now passing away before the advance of civilisation. They are in themselves singular, and have an added value as showing the beginning of institutions in a primitive community. The record owes its existence to the Danish Literary Expedition to Greenland in 1903 and 1904. In the book we feel the very atmosphere described. A cold and nipping air pervades it. Companies of fur-clad men and women go about in snow and ice drawn by dogs, following the walrus, hunting the seal and the bear. Even such birds as are mentioned—the wild goose, the razor-bill, the little auk—suggest



worked out by the individual, as the following anecdote will show:

Once, out hunting, I asked an Eskimo who seemed to be plunged in reflection, "What are you standing there thinking about?" He laughed at my question, and said: "Oh! it is only you white men who go in for so much thinking; up here we only think of our flesh-pits and of whether we have enough or not for the long dark of the winter. If we have meat enough, then there is no need to think. I have meat and to spare!" I saw that I had insulted him by crediting him with thought.

The mystery of death terrifies them, and most intricate rules of guidance are laid down for observance at the critical moments of life. The place of religion is, to a large extent, taken by magic. A Polar Eskimo told the author that:

"We observe our customs in order to hold each other up; we are afraid of the great Evil, *perdlugssuag*. Men are so helpless in face of illness. The people here do penance, because the dead are strong in their vital sap, and boundless in their might."

The result of Mr. Rasmussen's careful analysis is to show that such religion as exists among the Eskimo does not centre round any divinity, but is rather a belief in evil and the existence of certain easily-offended mystical powers. Over the last-mentioned it is said that the magicians gained the mastery. If a god were worshipped in the country, it would probably be Nemesis. At any rate, there are many striking legends told here to show "the recoil of an action on the doer." When a man named Papik killed his brother-in-law, Ailaq, out of jealousy, the mother, when she came to die, "drew her bear-skin rug over herself, and sat down on the beach near the tideway and let the flood rise over her," because it was as a *revenant* that she meant to take her revenge. The end of the story is that she was turned into a bear, and in that form tore away the eyes, ears, mouth and vitals of Papik, and the moral drawn by the narrator is that "Our fathers used to say when anyone killed a fellow-creature without reason, a monster would attack him, frighten him to death, and not leave a limb of his corpse whole." So in another story the soul of the murdered Alattaq comes back in the shape of a fox and bites his murderer. As in this country, some of these old superstitions are waning, and the new generation now demand to see and feel what they are to believe in, and do not cherish the dread of supernatural beings that their forefathers did, so that the religion is passing away into that region where so many dead beliefs exist, only to furnish material for literature. There is a chapter on amulets, which shows, however, that the superstitions are

dying hard. An amulet is supposed to confer certain qualities on its possessor and protect him from danger. The bear is preferred to all other animals. If parents wish their children to be strong in the face of danger, they sew into their caps the skin from the roof of a bear's mouth, but this must not be cut from the head of a freshly-caught bear. It is only from an old bear, or a dead bear not killed by men, that this will have virtue as an amulet. If a father desires his son to be a great hunter, he will sew the head or the foot of a hawk into the boy's clothes. The foot of a guillemot ensures that the wearer will become a great whaler or narwhal slayer, because the guillemot is an expert at catching cod, and what the cod is to the bird the whale is to man. So the fox and the sparrow and other creatures have each of them their definite use. The amulet has an obvious connection with magic, and what the magician is will be best understood by reading the self-revelation and confession of faith of one which is here given in a literal translation. It is too long to quote, but may be briefly summed up. Otaq, when he wanted to become a magician, fled far away into the hills, where he saw two spirits, "great hillspirits, tall, as tall as a tent." He listened to them singing drum-songs, and thus became "a little of a magician." Another time, while rambling in the hills in search of hares, he fell into a kind of trance, and heard again the song of the hill spirits. One of them asked him for a ladle of wood, which he carved on his return home. On the next occasion they sought him of their own accord in his house. The story of self-deception is one that has been told in different terms about the people in every country in the world. Our author assures us of the good faith of the narrator in this case, and we see no cause to doubt it. It is not the first time that a man has believed himself to have seen spirits of flood and fell. It ought to be said that our remarks have been confined to the section of the book which deals with the Eskimo generally. There are two other sections dealing particularly with the West Greenlanders and the East Greenlanders, which are equally interesting. The book, taken as a whole, gives a most arresting picture of the manners, customs, hopes, fears and doubts of a very simple and primitive people. What adds to its charm is the illustration by Count Harald Moltke. He has used his pencil with the cleverness of an artist, and an intelligence that has divined exactly what we would see portrayed in the life of the Eskimo. The pictures are abundant, and help to increase our regret at the illness of the artist during the expedition. He must have been a very delightful companion.

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### LAST WEEK'S FOURSOME.

**P**UBLIC opinion was very equally divided before the event as to who would win last week's professional foursome, and a really comfortable victory, such as was obtained by Duncan and Mayo, was hardly anticipated for either side. The winners played very fine golf at Deal, indeed their first round was good enough to beat anybody, and at Prince's they played quite well enough; they had a good lead and never looked likely to lose it. Well begun is half done, and a lead of three in the first four holes is not to be despised, even in a seventy-two-hole match. Duncan and Mayo went off with an extraordinarily brilliant burst of play, and did three, four, two for the second, third and fourth holes, for which four, five, three represents perfectly steady golf. Ray and Vardon played this steady golf and lost all three holes, nor did they ever appear altogether to recover from this rather depressing start. It appeared to have a disturbing influence on them, and they suffered afterwards at intervals from periods of rather ragged golf, of which their opponents almost always took advantage. As soon as Ray and Vardon managed to get a hole or two back they either followed up their success by a mistake or else the other side made an answering spurt. In the second round at Deal, Duncan and Mayo's lead was reduced to two; but they promptly took three holes off the reel and widened the gap again. The same thing happened at Prince's, when they won the first three holes after lunch and made their victory a certainty.

### THE DRIVING.

The features of the winners' game were Duncan's tee shots and Mayo's general steadiness, and especially his absolutely perfect holing out on the first day. Better tee shots than Duncan's it would be impossible to conceive; he was very long and almost ludicrously straight, so that his ball was usually to be found in the exact centre of the course. A great driving contest was expected between him and Ray, who in practice had been hitting the most prodigious shots. In the actual match there was only one in it and that one not Ray; Duncan was generally in front, and was, moreover, infinitely straighter, for Ray, although he hit some glorious shots, was fairly often in the rough, which on both courses, and especially at Prince's, meant a considerable loss. Mayo's driving was also excellent, except for a brief period at the beginning of the first round at Prince's, when he was too cold to do himself justice. He gets a fine length and is unswervingly straight; his length is certainly not the result of any great physical power, but rather of the most perfect timing. He hits shot after shot in the same way and with exactly the same finish, in a

manner reminiscent of that extraordinarily accurate driver, Mr. H. G. B. Ellis. He drives rather pronouncedly off his right foot, while Duncan appears to get nearly all his weight on his left foot, and, as it were, leaves his right foot dangling lightly behind him.

### THE SHORT GAME.

In the matter of putting it was noticeable that all four men used ordinary putting cleeks, and there was not a swan-neck or an aluminium putter to be seen; Duncan had an aluminium club in his bag, but he never took it out. There were not a great number of long putts holed, but the winners missed hardly anything of a holable length at Deal. Most of the short putts fell to Mayo, and he holed them one and all with a delightfully firm tap that sent the ball ringing against the back of the tin, and must have inspired his partner with the utmost confidence. Duncan, indeed, seemed a little too confident with some of his approach putts, and was inclined to run them out of holing. It may be mentioned as a curious instance of the eccentricities of genius that Duncan always appears to address the ball with the heel of his putter, while Tom Vardon favours the extreme toe.

### THE PRIME OF GOLFING LIFE.

The match of Reid v. Edgar suggests interestingly the question as to what is the prime of golfing life. Edgar's challenge was to play any man of his own age (twenty-four) or under. Why Robson did not take him up no one knows; but perhaps he had other fish to fry—such as Duncan and Sayers. In any case, Edgar had no trouble in finding an acceptor. Mr. John Ball lately told the present writer that he thought he played his best golf when he was fourteen. That is being a little too "previous." Writing as one who saw a good deal of his game at and about that time, I may say that I should put twenty as about his best age. But then he was something of a prodigy. We have, on the other hand, seen the amateur championship won by a grandfather of fifty-two. That, however, must not be understood to mean that the grandfather of fifty-two was quite the player that Mr. Ball was at twenty. A series of money matches between them (had the arrangement been possible) would not have benefited the financial prospects of the grandchildren. But there are cases where men have made a distinct advance in golf in middle life after playing the game right up from childhood. Sayers is distinctly a better player at this moment than he ever has been until within the last four years or so. And he must be (it is an invidious statement) over fifty. Harold's game is a marvel. Both Mr. Balfour-Melville and Mr. Mure Ferguson became much-improved golfers after they had turned thirty. So, as Mr. Shaw says, "You never can tell." But this, as it seems, you can tell, that the professional is far more likely than

the amateur to keep up a really first-class game to an advanced age—taking fifty as an age of some advancement. Experience shows this to be so. Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Laidlay—or take any you please—you will not find that any really first-class amateur has gone on playing really first-class golf after thirty or so. They have played well—very well—but not up to the form of the years before. In the case of the professionals, on the contrary, there has been even an improvement in many of them, a steady improvement. Look at Braid, Taylor, Vardon, besides those only just a little behind these great players. But then they played practically every day, and very serious golf all the time. That, evidently, is what makes the difference—daily practice at the work that is earning the daily bread. It is not thus that the amateur either plays the game or considers it. And it is well it is so.

REID AND EDGAR.

One of the reasons which makes the professional more formidable (all questions of age apart) is just this—that he is doing his professional business, his daily work, when he goes out to play golf. A professional boxer, who had at one time boxed as an amateur, drew the present writer's notice to the difference, saying that when he went into the ring as an amateur he was always nervous, and consequently failed to do his best in the first few minutes. When he turned professional he was no more nervous, as he put it, than a carpenter making a box. He was just doing his daily work—there was nothing about it to make him self-conscious. Now I do not know—I did not see the match, I only take the account from an eye-witness—but it looks rather as if it were just a touch of this nervousness and self-consciousness which has put Edgar so many holes (namely, seven) down in the first half of his match with Reid. To be sure, Edgar is a professional, but he is still a very young one. Reid, if not much older, is still a more travelled and experienced man. Moreover, the very fact of playing at home, though giving Edgar the pull, naturally, in knowledge of the green, may have been a not undiluted blessing. In the presence of all his friends, expecting great things of him, self-consciousness may have become the more acute. Anyhow, the failure to come up to his own standard in the approaching and putting, which is, undoubtedly, the immediate reason for his being seven down, looks as if something had not been quite right with his nerves. And he was two up at one point. Reid deserves credit for sticking at his work so steadily after being led like this in the early stages. With such a big advantage it is most unlikely that he will be caught on his own green. But by the time this is read the result will be known.

#### THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFING SOCIETY AT SUNNINGDALE.

On Saturday last the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society paid their annual visit to Sunningdale. Unfortunately the year is too far advanced to allow of the playing of two rounds—one of singles, the other of foursomes—and so, as is usually the case in this match, foursomes only were played. To those who wish to know why foursomes are chosen in preference to singles the answer is that, since this match is one of a friendly nature, it is advisable to choose that form of a match which is blessed with advantages of a social character. Foursomes are without doubt blessed in this respect; moreover, they are in the habit of producing more interesting matches than singles afford. Of the five matches played on Saturday the society won four, and so gained an easy and, possibly, unexpected victory; unexpected, because Sunningdale not only was represented by ten golfers who can play good golf, but also by ten golfers who understand the gentle art of foursome play. The golf on Saturday was quite good; it was a beautiful day for the match and the links were in admirable condition. Mr. Montmorency seemed to be playing as beautifully as ever; it is seldom, very seldom, that he has a bad day. He had an excellent partner in Mr. Landale, probably the most consistent golfer at either University. Mr. Croome was also playing well, driving very far and much straighter than usual and putting with a wooden putter in the grand manner. None of the Sunningdale golfers was quite at his best, with the exception of Mr. Harry Colt, whose deadly accuracy when near the hole was not affected by a severe cold. Mr. Campbell, his partner, was a little erratic at times; the same remark applies to the play of Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. Osmund Scott. It was satisfactory to see the society represented by three of its youngest members, who are still in residence at Oxford. The society during the last half-dozen years has not enjoyed the services of those golfers who have just come down from

the University, and the old brigade of University golfers, who have practically represented the society in all its matches since its foundation, can hardly be expected to continue doing so for many more years. It would certainly be a melancholy affair if some of the society's matches were to disappear. Let us hope that Cambridge will produce three golfers for the society's matches as good as those who came from Oxford on Saturday.

#### THE HON. D. FINCH-HATTON.

There are some great hitters up at Oxford just now, and perhaps the greatest of these is Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton. He has a disconcerting habit of carrying from the tee bunkers that no one else has ever so much as reached; it is, however, the penalty of greatness occasionally to reach places in the virgin heather unattainable by ordinary and puny mortals, and so there is sometimes compensation for Mr. Finch-Hatton's opponents. Mr. Finch-Hatton is one of a family of golfers. His father, Lord Winchelsea, although he does not play much nowadays, is a fine player and in particular a deadly putter with an absurdly short and light cleft. Another good golfer was his uncle, the late Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton, and his elder brother, Lord Maidstone, has represented Oxford for the last three years and is another mighty driver, perhaps the longest of those who play with a short swing. Mr. Finch-Hatton plays most of his golf at Harlech, a course calculated to afford the maximum of sensuous pleasure to a big hitter who can send the ball soaring over the vast and frowning sandhills that constitute its most prominent feature. Besides his golfing achievements, Mr. Finch-Hatton bowled very fast and hit very hard for the eleven at Eton, where he was also a distinguished football player, both at the Wall and in the Field.

#### SOME MODERN MAKES OF CLUBS.

A WELL-KNOWN golfer once told us how some twenty-five years or more ago he introduced his logic tutor at Oxford to the Royal and Ancient game of golf, and how the tutor, after his first day's experience, when asked to give the game a definition, stated that it consisted "in putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill-adapted to the purpose." If one can believe the accounts given of the strange clubs which appeared at the time of the logic tutor's first introduction to golf, it would seem that the inventive mind of man was hard at work to discover some better golfing instruments. For we read that in those days there were "clubs with vulcanite heads, with German silver faces, clubs with bamboo shafts, and clubs with cork grips"; we also read of other strange inventions such as the President, a niblick with a hole in it—called a president because the hole makes it clear-headed—and the Dynamite, a very powerful club, in the face of which is inserted a small cartridge which explodes when the ball strikes it. Judging by the numerous makes of clubs which still continue to be produced every year, it would seem that in the minds of many inventors the logic tutor's definition still holds good, and that the instruments of to-day still seem to some to be very ill-adapted for the purpose of putting the little balls into the little holes. In order to see the extraordinary number of strange clubs which have appeared in the golfing world during the last few years, one has only to visit some well-known golfing shop in London, where clubs of all makes and descriptions are gathered together, or else inspect the various bags of clubs which stand idle in some caddie-master's shed after the day's golf is over. The latter is probably the better plan, for whereas the shop exhibits many weird-looking and useless weapons, which only a rich or ignorant golfer could possibly purchase, the inspection of one's fellow-member's bags reveals the clubs of extraordinary design that are actually used. What strikes one most is that nearly all wooden clubs are more or less similar in design. Here and there one comes across a golfer who, following Harry Vardon's example, still prefers the scared driver to the modern socket driver, though in these days of the rubber-cored balls the necessity of using scared



THE HON. D. FINCH-HATTON.



clubs is not so obvious—indeed, it can hardly be said to exist,—as it was in the days of the gutty. Seldom, very seldom, one comes across a wooden club where the shaft is fixed to the centre of the club-head, a method of manufacture strongly advocated, we believe, as the scientifically correct one by good mathematicians who are bad golfers. But, as a rule, wooden clubs have not changed much during the last ten years, though lately St. Andrews has seen the production of some deep-faced drivers, which are no doubt admirable on a links where “carry” matters little and “run” is nearly everything, but which would appear to be dangerous weapons on courses of the type of Sandwich. In the case of iron clubs, however, useful inventions are more noticeable. The Fairlie clubs, which appeared some twelve to fifteen years ago, were invented to give confidence to the golfer who was liable to shank his approaches. The fault of the Fairlie is its extreme ugliness; indeed, to an æsthetic golfer, these clubs are almost revoltingly ugly in the morning, though, as a rule, their appearance seems to improve as the day advances; but their usefulness is remarkable, and to-day most golfers carry a Fairlie niblick in their bag, while one still occasionally comes across a good player, such as Mr. Humphrey Ellis, who prefers to play the approach shot with a club of this description. Not long after the Fairlie club's appearance the Low club was invented; it was similar in design to the Fairlie but shorter and thicker in the head. In the last two years the Logan clubs have practically superseded both the Fairlie and the Low clubs. The socket of the Logan heads is slightly bent back at the base, the effect being that the face of the club has, as was the case with the Fairlie, no heel to it, so that here again the golfer has practically no chance of shanking an approach. Many good golfers—amateurs particularly—to whom a shanked approach is not an unknown sin, still refuse to play with clubs of this shankless type. Why, it is difficult to say. It cannot be that their utility is not recognised; one has only to watch a player like Captain Cecil Hutchison playing with them to realise what accuracy of play they can afford. Possibly their appearance has something to do with the matter, for, though the Logan clubs are handsomer than those of the Fairlie make, they are, undoubtedly, uglier than the ordinary iron clubs, and golfers, being a conservative race, set much store by the appearance of their clubs. A well-made, well-balanced and well-cleaned iron club may be “a thing of beauty,” but it can hardly be called “a joy for ever” when the shank of the head comes into contact with the ball. Truly there is merit in shankless clubs; many of the best professional players use them for short approaches; in short, to good players they are useful, to bad ones invaluable. There are many other patent clubs invented for playing approach shots, some of which find an occasional worshipper or victim. For example, the greatest cricketer the world has ever seen plays admirably out of a heavy lie with a club which is called by him a “cleaver”; but in the majority of instances these patent clubs remain unpurchased and unused save by the inventor or his friends. One kind, however, deserves mention, namely, the aluminium spoons, with which, we believe, Mr. Hilton played in the open championship at Muirfield in 1901. They are not often seen

now; they remind one of the old baffy spoons, which some old gentlemen still use with deadly accuracy. It is, however, in connection with putters that the inventive golfing genius chiefly shines; for the nearer one gets to the hole the more liability is there of seeing some patent club used by the best players, and the number of different putters invented during the last few years is simply legion. The two best-known patent putters are those of the Willie Park type, an iron putter still used by countless players, and those of the Schenectady type, an aluminium putter introduced by Mr. Travis to this country at the amateur championship of 1904. The principle of having the shaft fixed into the centre of the head is a good one; and it certainly finds favour with many players, who would never dream of using a club of such a pattern for driving or approaching. Besides the Schenectady and putters made on a similar plan, there is another aluminium putter used by Braid with deadly effect, though, except for the material of which it is made, there seems but little difference between this and the old-fashioned wooden putter. There is also an iron putter with some strange lumps at the back of its head with which Mr. Lassen played in this year's amateur championship, and few golfers putted better than Mr. Lassen did at Sandwich. The putter, too, which Mr. Horace Hutchinson used on the same occasion deserves mention. It was an ordinary Schenectady club, but halfway down the shaft a large lump of sticky stuff was placed to form a grip for the right hand; the left hand gripped the club at the top of the shaft, so that there was an interval of 18 in. between the two hands. The method of hitting the ball was nearly identical with that adopted at croquet. Of course, there are scores and scores of other patent putters too numerous to refer to in this article. There are iron putters with wooden faces and wooden putters with iron faces, iron putters with deep faces and iron putters with shallow faces, iron putters with short heads and iron putters with long heads, putters made like croquet mallets and perfectly upright putters; the last-named, according to the author of “The Art of Golf,” are “of no use to corpulent persons, because they cannot see the ball. Even the emaciated hole out better without them.” The truth of the matter is that the majority of these inventions are quite useless; as a rule, only bad players use them, and are happy to do so, though their chances of putting well are very remote. Still, the best golfers usually have one of about six patent putters in their possession; for a patent putter does sometimes cure a multitude of sins.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## GOLF CLUBS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

SIR,—Regarding your notes on winter golfing quarters, may I plead for a little more space for those in our Colonies. Jamaica, for instance, where the visitor can step out of his hotel on to a course which, considering the scanty funds the club disposes of, is more than passably good. Again, there is poor little forgotten Nassau in the Bahamas, where the course is good enough for very many hundred visitors from the States, though decidedly inferior to the Jamaica standard. I could mention some dozen others in bigger, richer Colonies further overseas or nearer home. Can no one speak for Bermuda, Ceylon, or Trinidad? I know the islands, the climates and the accommodation from personal experience, though not their golf courses—which certainly exist.—A. R. DAVEY.

## LITERATURE.

## DIANA IN ALASKA.

*Two Dianas in Alaska*, by Agnes Herbert and A. Shikari. (John Lane.)

IT was, perhaps, not surprising that that lively and successful volume, “Two Dianas in Somaliland,” should be followed by another attempt on somewhat similar lines. In the present instance the authoress of the Somaliland book has been aided by a well-known big-game sportsman, who acted as leader of the Alaskan hunt and contributes many interesting chapters. Miss Herbert's hand has lost nothing of its sprightliness; she describes graphically and with never-failing verve many exciting hunts in the wild North West, and gives much excellent information concerning the tribes, the game and the scenery of that desolate but enchanting region. The sportsman who shelters beneath the pseudonym of “A Shikari” has manfully borne his part in the new volume. He claims in his preface that his contributions to this book “try to represent a true picture of the habits of men and animals as I saw them in the wastes and forests of the dark and silent North”; and it may be said at once that this share of the partnership is well and ably performed, and that the value of the book is enhanced by his co-operation. The Alaskan shooting party included the bold and mysterious “Cicely” of the Somaliland trip, as well as one “Ralph,” a fervent admirer of that fair individual. Agnes Herbert's descriptions of the idyllic atmosphere thereby imparted to the expedition are sufficiently amusing, and a marriage at the end of the shoot brings the whole affair trippingly to its cheerful conclusion. The game sought by this lively and well-matched *partie cordée* included bear, walrus, caribou, the wild white sheep of Alaska (*Ovis dalli*) and moose. Excellent sport was experienced with all these animals, and some fine trophies, some of which are shown in the illustrations, were secured. The illustrations, by the way, reproduced from some first-rate photographs, are very good indeed and give a better idea of the country and its characteristics than almost any other volume with which we are acquainted. The cost of shooting in Alaska is now so

prohibitive that only sportsmen and sportswomen provided with ample banking accounts can afford an expedition to that wild region. In addition to the long journey to the Pacific Coast, the hire of a sealing schooner (the *Lily*) of about seventy tons, which carried the shooting party during much of its wanderings, had to be incurred. Then there were steamer journeys, outfit of fur garments, provisions, etc., as well as the hire of guides and hunters to be provided for. The Alaskan native, it seems, is, from various causes, the most independent and highly-paid hunter on the face of the earth. He demands and obtains 1½ dol. (6s.) per diem, as well as his food, and at this exorbitant rate four men were engaged by the shooting party. Sporting licences are now a serious item in Alaskan shooting, and the most recent regulations render a shooting trip in that region more difficult of accomplishment than ever. Yet natives are still permitted to shoot game almost indiscriminately, and moose, caribou, white sheep and bears steadily disappear. In the first instance the party set forth in pursuit of bears, which grow to an enormous size in these regions, and which furnished on several occasions sufficiently exciting incidents to the Dianas and their supporters. “The great brown bear, *Ursus middendorffi*, of Kodiak, Uganuk and Afognak,” writes Miss Herbert, “is the largest of the tribe to be found in the world, and there is not much difference between it and the brown bear, *Ursus dalli* gyas, of the Alaskan Peninsula, at least to the average person who cannot detect the difference in the conformation of skull when the great heads are covered. The variations from the grizzly type may be plainly seen by the veriest tyro, for the Alaskan bear has not the long straight, white claws which are so characteristic of his cousin, neither has he the furtive, snake-like head. The brown bear grows to a much greater size than the grizzly, and his claws, though immensely powerful and long, are curved and dark in colour. The head also is extraordinarily large, and seems unduly big, even on so vast a body.” It would seem probable that these Alaskan bears owe their enormous size to the plentiful diet of salmon on which they batten greedily

during that part of the year when these fish are running in myriads up the rivers of that country. One of the bears, which yielded a remarkably exciting adventure to the authoress and her male coadjutor, was first described while thus engaged in the pursuit of its favourite food. "Presently," writes "the Leader," "the bear began to move and slowly, with a rolling gait, he descended to the river bank. On arriving there a curious metamorphosis took place in the antics of the bear, for suddenly the ungainly brute appeared as active as a kitten. After standing motionless on the bank for a moment he sprang into the water, and a second after appeared galloping up the bank with a salmon in his mouth. The whole performance was so quick, and the distance was so great that we were unable to see how the actual capture of this fish had been effected. But upon subsequent occasions, when closely watching these great bears fishing, I observed that they always pounce upon a fish, transfixing it in shallow water with their claws, and then carry it to the bank in their mouth. Once on land they retire to some thick patch of grass, or friendly screen of bushes, where they eat their prey, and soon return in quest of others. One salmon of ten pounds by no means suffices these monsters for a single meal." This bear, struck twice by bullets from the rifles of the first Diana and her companion, took shelter in some bushes, which involved very perilous tracking. After a parley, amusingly described by the mere man, in went the two adventurers. Suddenly the Leader found himself confronted, within arm's length, by the wounded bear. It was a most perilous moment, but before the hunter had time to strike a blow for himself the plucky authoress raised her rifle "a shot rang out, and reeling like a drunken man the vast brute crashed forward with a bullet through his skull: so close, indeed, it was," says the male author, "that only by jumping nimbly aside was I enabled to avoid the impact of the fall." There are many charming descriptions of scenery in this book. We cannot resist quoting from one of them, which refers to a summer landscape on the Alaskan Peninsula. "On the greater part of the Behring Sea the low-lying tundra rises from the beaches or coast-line like vast, rolling prairie meadows. So smooth and inviting it looks, and yet appearances are deceptive in tundras as in so many other things, and the whole place is more often than not a quagmire and morass. In places the marshes are really deep, in others just wet and spongy. Beneath the tundra the ground is for ever frozen and only the surface thaws out each year. The grassy plains in summer are gardens full of blazing flowers—lupines, yellow anemones, calypso orchids—a scheme of tints impossible to any master mind save that of Nature. With the dull brown for a background, the wonderful colours, spread with lavish hand in labyrinthine splendour, look like a matchless carpet of fairy weaving." "Here on the tundras countless birds build their nests—black and red throated divers, geese, terns, scoters—and all the air vibrates with the numerous calls. Again and again ring out the newly-acquired love notes of the golden plover, his shrill whistle changed to a tender cry, alluring and joyous. In solitary pairs, with chequered wings, the golden plovers lighted on the grassy expanse and sang 'their wild notes to the listening waste.'" How the sportsmen and sportswomen pursued and shot bears and walrus, caribou and moose and white mountain sheep; the adventures that befel them, the perils and hardships that they successfully overcame—all these things are duly set forth in this amusing chronicle with never-failing zest and cheerfulness. Space fails us wherein to dilate further upon this brisk and, in some respects, rather curious book, which we advise our readers by no means to miss. It is to the full as daring and lively as, and, we think, more generally interesting than, the Somaliland volume. The illustrations include some of the best pictures of walrus—reproduced from photographs—that we have yet seen.

#### THE UNROMANTIC ALPS.

*The Alps in Nature and History*, by W. A. B. Coolidge, M.D. (Methuen and Co.)

IT is not often that we think of the "playground of Europe" in any historical connection; its mountain peaks and sunny valleys, its flowery uplands and wastes of snow are sufficient in themselves for most of us; even the Alpine folk are but a useful and picturesque addition to the beautiful country known to us only for a few weeks in each year. The Roman remains at Arolla may remind us that the country is not without a past history, the contrabandist, securely packing his salt on the Swiss side for the benefit of the Italians over the frontier, that there are present political troubles; but for the most part we know nothing of the great marches of time that have swept over the country and shaken it, politically, to its foundations. Mr. Coolidge is not content to gaze in this ignorant rapture; he asks us to look into the political and territorial history of this "playground," to analyse the blue depth of the glacier, and to define the thunderous force of the avalanche; he sees the Alps through the clearly defining spectacles of science and history and has nothing to say to the confused vision of poetry and romance. Yet here and there, in insignificant little chapters on guides and mountaineering, the man himself slips out and we catch a glimpse of the true mountain-lover, a climber, too, of the first rank, and we need not again be misled into taking his calm, historical attitude for one of indifference or blindness to the beauty and charm of the country of which he tells the history. The real state of affairs is, we imagine, that he is a tongue-tied lover. "Unluckily," he writes, "the keenest appreciation does not carry with it the power of conveying that appreciation to others, or even of expressing it in words; yet some attempt must be made to picture the Alps at varying seasons so as to round off our account albeit in imperfect fashion." It is, perhaps, unfair to criticise a book for what it is not, and it is obvious that poetry, even that of description, is not part of Mr. Coolidge's plan. What he gives, he gives grudgingly, "to round off his account" in imperfect fashion. But we can appreciate the positive excellence of the work. The geographical study of the Alps and the history of their political fortunes are gone into with the thoroughness and zeal of a real student; whatever we may say of the manner of it, the matter is beyond reproach. There is an immense amount of information to be gained from its pages, and the Alpine climber, whether the old hand who can no longer pit his strength and endurance against the strength and endurance of rock and ice, or the young enthusiast, greedy of everything relating to Alpine lore, will find in them a new interest and perhaps a new love for the mountains, to whom before he was only knit by sentimental ties. The high

passes, which he recalls only perhaps by a remembrance of the state of the snow, or the ability of a trusted guide, are here made part of the great annals of history. The name given to this chapter, "Great Historical Passes," is in itself enough to set the heart beating a little faster, when one thinks of Hannibal and Hasdrubal, Caesar and Napoleon. It is in the footsteps of such illustrious travellers that the humble climber of to-day sets his feet. We wish Mr. Coolidge could have found it possible to quote more from the original sources we are sure he had at his disposal. He is chary of giving us anything in the words of the narrator, and so we miss the personal touch that would make these accounts of thrilling interest. Exploration in the high Alps before 1860 must have been a breathless thing, even a historian cannot make it dull. When Alpine climbing was in its infancy, each successful ascent was a thing to thank God for, the newly-conquered peak was baptised in the name of the Holy Trinity and a cross erected on the summit. But nowadays the awe and respect in which the high mountains were held is fast disappearing. No fear of the gods deters men from making big ascents without due preparation, and picnic parties of Swiss-Germans swarm over the Alps. The conquest of the great snow peaks was one of the romantic struggles of the world, rivalled only by the conquest of the high seas. The first Alpine climbers were pioneers and heroes who had to face, as well as the arduous and exhausting work of the expedition, the terrors of the unknown. Skilled guides and long familiarity with the varying character of snow and ice have lightened the task for the modern mountaineer without quite destroying the romance. But since climbing has become popular the veil of mystery that shrouded the loftier peaks has been destroyed; the solitude of the high Alps, and even the "horrible great glaciers," have lost their terror. Fools rush in—and the heavy death-roll increasing year by year is due to the rashness and carelessness of the tourist rather than to any unavoidable dangers encountered. English climbers, we are glad to note, still treat mountaineering as a serious business, and they will readily acquiesce in Mr. Coolidge's indictment against guideless climbing by incompetent persons. Of guides Mr. Coolidge has naturally much to say; so much of the pleasure and even of the mere possibility of mountaineering depends on them that no book on the Alps would be complete without them, as the advertisements say. The professional guide originated in the winter of 1129, when a host of pilgrims were assisted over the Great St. Bernard Pass, by men of the district, who volunteered to go before the travellers and make out a path for them in the snow. From that time onward the guide has been the essential part of every Alpine expedition; on his skill and his resource and thought for the comfort of his "Monsieur" depend the success or failure of the summer holiday, and fortunate indeed is the climber who finds the right man at the beginning of his climbing career and is able to employ him season after season. The relation between a climber and his guide is one of those delightful by-paths of friendship which add so much to life. In the constant companionship during a few weeks of the year, in the overcoming together of every sort of danger and difficulty with no thought of master and man, unless indeed the guide takes the place of master, a comradeship is established which the years do not lightly break. I shall never forget seeing the meeting of a veteran climber, for many years unable to visit his old haunts, with his old guide. They were both well over sixty; they had parted in their prime after climbing together from boyhood to middle life and they met again, elderly men, the guide long past his work, the "Monsieur" grey-bearded, with sons as inveterate climbers as himself, for things like this are in the blood, passed down from father to son and as difficult to eradicate as any other passions. Much additional value is given to this history by the excellent maps and diagrams, particularly of the Mountain Passes, which permit even the sit-by-the-fire Englishman to follow the text with interest and intelligence. The illustrating photographs by Signor Vittorio Sella are unusually beautiful, and it is pleasant to see that some of the less popular peaks find a place among them, the Grand Combin, for instance, one of the most majestic of the great snow mountains, and dear to the hearts of all those who frequent the Val de Bagnes. M. M. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### OSPREY IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—It may interest some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to learn that for several days past a very fine osprey has been haunting the lake of Sharncliffe, Amersham. It was my pleasure to watch for several hours one morning (November 19th) the movements of this exceedingly rare and beautiful bird, and by the aid of a pair of prism binoculars I was able to note every detail of his plumage, even to the crest, or ruff of feathers, at the back of the head. Ascending to a considerable height, the osprey quartered the lake from end to end, just as I have seen the haunting goshawk quarter a pan of water in South Africa. Suddenly the great bird would stop dead in its flight, and hover, with outstretched wings, in precisely the same manner as one sees the kestrel hovering over a mouse or field-vole. Then with a loud splash he would dart into the water like an arrow, remaining under the surface of the same and entirely submerged for from 10sec. to 15sec., emerging in most cases with a small jack (the lake simply teems with pike) in his talons, when he would fly off to the tall trees of a neighbouring covert to devour his catch. I was somewhat surprised to see how little the water-fowl (of which there were considerable numbers, including mallard, golden eyes, teal, coots and a couple of ruddy sheldrakes) appeared to regard the presence of the osprey; they have probably become used to seeing him fly over them. I am pleased to be in a position to state that the squire has given strict orders to his keepers not to shoot or otherwise molest this *rara avis*, and it is to be sincerely hoped that he will escape the gun of the Cockney sportsman.—MARSHMAN.

### "HEFTED" STOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your last issue you refer to the custom in Scotland of the taking over of "hefted" stock by incoming tenants, and you leave the impression





KENTIA BLOOMS.

almost every case the fixed valuation of such "hefted" stock is higher than present market value, but it should be considered that the sheep on a farm are of more than market value there. Let any farmer face the question of restocking a sheep farm in preference to taking over the "hefted" stock at even 50 per cent. above market value and he will probably decide on the latter course. The reason is obvious—he would lose over that proportion of new stock. The same rule applies to the leaving tenant; the stock is no good to him on a new farm and hence he in turn either takes a piece of untried moorland and ventures anew, or takes over some other tenant's stock on the same terms as his own has been taken by his successor. There is nothing unfair in the whole transaction, and it is difficult to understand how any farmer could be induced to settle on a piece of speculative country, for which he has to pay rent, without some such terms of guarantee. The case of the landlord being left with such "hefted" stock may appear hard, but it is more apparent than real, because he has had the rent while the tenant had the risks, and he is in no worse case than that in which the succeeding tenant would have found himself. "What's sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander." Besides, he entered into the contract with his eyes open, and for his own benefit.—W. B.

## THE NEED OF CO-OPERATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have lately made some comments upon our mismanaged orchards which are only too true; and not long ago you made some remarks about the need of co-operation in selling poultry and eggs. It is a fact that the Londoner who wishes for the freshest eggs would do well to avoid the British eggs and to buy the best-grade French eggs, which, owing to the industry being organised on co-operative lines, are collected three times a week and sent to England in "bulked" consignments. English eggs, on the other hand, are collected only once a week, and are many of them by no means so fresh as the best foreign eggs, even when they first reach the market. Until fruit-growing, egg-selling, etc., are conducted in an organised manner it will be impossible for the best prices to be obtained and purchasers to get what many of them are crying out for. It is the same with our butter trade. Merchants can get tons of foreign butter all of the same quality by applying to one address abroad, whereas in England it is only possible to get butters in comparatively very small quantities, all of which differ in quality. I could tell you many stories showing the need of co-operation from facts that have come within my own sphere of observation. While the Agricultural Organisation Society and the National Poultry Organisation Society are doing good work, there is need of the young generation being educated up to the co-operative methods and also to more scientific ways in raising agricultural produce. Much might be done by a more suitable rural education in our elementary schools. There is no reason why the children should not also be taught the elements of poultry-rearing. I know of one school where this is done.—A COUNTRY PARSON.

## SCOURING THE WHITE HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This operation has once more taken place, and reverence for the "auld beastie" compels me to make public a defect or two, for so they seem, in the operation. Like everyone else, the writer may have been misled by appearances, but he has spent three days at various times in surveying the animal, and has become convinced that the inequalities in the size of limbs that should approach similarity are still on the increase. A distant view, at all comprehensive, can hardly be obtained because the chalk has been scoured off and allowed to sink deeper between the edges of turf. Visitors, "larrakins" included, can and do push down these edges into the trenches—the horse's white skin: this takes place when the turf has been softened by rain or affected by frosts. This pushing in of turf can be almost stopped by raising the chalk surface up to the level of the turf and ramming it down firmly. In the parts which run down the side of the hill, the turf grows quickly because it is better fed by earth and moisture, while the higher the

grass grows the more of the horse is shut off from the view. On a late visit it appeared that nothing effectual had been done to limit the length of the tail, which is an ever-increasing quantity. It is with much pleasure one sees that an ancient plan in every scouring is appealed to, and if his lordship, in the interests of archaeology, could only be persuaded to allow you to reproduce it, in conjunction with some of the earliest representations on Belgic coins, etc., of horses with dismembered limbs, this growth would be very apparent. The current of water all "along and adown" the back might be conducted into one or two gratings of stoneware enamelled white, placed at suitable positions on the tail and drained off, well toward the south, where there is a clear fall, out of sight, provision being made by catchpits and a concrete cover to the drain-pipes to hinder the roots, as those of the dandelion, from choking the bore. The turf at the former overflow should then be raised sufficiently, thoughtfully and reverentially. If the two points above have already occurred to the committee and have been attended to, will they kindly accept my apologies?—HERBERT HURST.

## TURNED DOWN FOXES GIVE GOOD SPORT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the following account of a run with the Cottesmore Hounds may be of interest to your readers: They met at Whissendine Station on Saturday, November 21st, and drew Wyman's Flags. Directly hounds were put into covert they drew their fox up the spinney, went to the left of Whissendine Station, across the road to the railway bridge, and this gallant fox made a straight point for Ashwell Spinney. Hounds started to run the moment they entered the open, and they took some catching, for it took followers all they knew to keep the pack in view, for they sped on without the semblance of a check over a difficult country in a direct line for Ashwell Spinney. The fences were big and the pace was hot, and when hounds checked in the gateway two fields from Ashwell Spinney there was no one up and scent got cold. The keeper, stopping the earth in Ashwell Spinney, saw the hunted fox make for the earth. He had the top off one ear and a white tag to his brush and he recognised him as one of the Cheshire foxes which Mr. Maxwell Glegg had turned down last spring. This is the second brilliant run this season when foxes have made their point to Ashwell Spinney. Since Mr. Maxwell Glegg has taken the shooting he has turned down in the Ashwell Spinney some foxes from the non-hunting part of Cheshire of the greyhound stamp, and even in this short time they are showing record points.—SNOWSTORM.

## LAST YEAR'S BLOOMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I believe kentias are not seen in flower in England, I daresay the enclosed photographs of Kentia belmoreana with last year's flower, now in



KENTIA BELMOREANA.

seed, and this year's flower may be of interest to your readers. I therefore send them in case you may care to publish them.—H. E. WHITE.

## THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be pleased if the enclosed photograph is of any service to you for publication in your valuable paper. A friend caught the subject a short time ago in a house near Swanage Pier, where it gave the lady who occupied it quite



a fright. I heard of it a few days ago, borrowed the moth and photographed it life size, and as I understand this species is rather rare in England, I thought it might be of interest to you and your readers.—WILLIAM H. MASTERS.

[The photograph is that of a death's-head hawk-moth. The specimen is somewhat worn, but the rough delineation of a skull in the markings on the thorax, from which the insect gets its name, is fairly plain. It is an interesting creature, because, besides being the largest British moth, it is the only one which makes an easily perceptible noise, a shrill squeak not unlike that of a mouse. This capacity, coupled with the "death's-head" mark on the thorax, has caused the insect to be regarded with a good deal of awe. It has the further peculiar attribute of being a robber of beehives, which it enters to reach the honey, and it is supposed that the squeak is of some service to it in this rather perilous venture. It has been suggested that the bees mistake the noise for the "voice" of their queen. Though the moth is taken in fair numbers every year in Great Britain, a large proportion of the specimens found here are probably immigrants from the Continent. The caterpillar is of more frequent occurrence, a large bluish green or greenish brown thing, 5 in. long, which feeds most commonly on potato leaves and is fairly well known to most growers of potatoes on a large scale. The majority of these British-born caterpillars appear to fail to reach the imago stage, the pupæ succumbing to the severity of the winter.—ED.]

#### BEATING WALNUT TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a daily contemporary of November 11th, I find an alleged West Country "proverb" differing in point of language from the version I have heard elsewhere, and an explanation of part of it which is novel to me. The "proverb" runs:

"A woman, a welp, and a walnut tree,  
The more you beat 'em, the better they be."

My version, picked up in Staffordshire some forty years ago, runs, so far as memory serves:

"A woman, a span'l, a walnut tree,  
The more you beat 'em, the better they be."

"Span'l," of course, is "spaniel" all rural England over, and the saying, cruel as it sounds, is not without truth with regard to that careful but often headstrong breed of sporting dogs. I have had two or three which were models of good behaviour for the day after a single chastisement, and so riotous until it had been administered that one was tempted to invent an excuse for it. So far, I have not applied the process to a woman. But the your contemporary explained that there was a "practice of beating trees, when in bud, with long poles, to increase their productivity." New to me; I had always thought the allusion was to the fact that walnut trees are beaten to dislodge the nuts, when ripe, and to nothing else. In fact, I am interested, and no doubt other owners of these trees would be interested also, to know whether it is really desirable to beat them when in bud.—OWNER OF WALNUT TREES.

#### A WARNING TO GARDENERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that the time for thinking what we are to do in our gardens has come, may I say a word of warning to any who may unwittingly cause serious illness by having the *Rhus toxicodendron* planted by mistake for Virginian creeper? For particulars, I refer your readers to an article by Sir G. Ray Lankester, published in the *Daily Telegraph* on August 8th, and another by the curator of the Kew Gardens, published August 14th of this year. I have had a member of my family reduced to a deplorable state of suffering from this plant, and an earnest wish to save anyone else from the same sad condition is my sole plea for troubling you. I hope that someone else will also point out the danger of this pretty but baneful creeper.—C. E. M.

#### THE DRINKING OF PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Here and there along the Yorkshire Ouse, as in the case of all deep, slow-flowing rivers, the steep bank is sloped down so that the cattle may be able to get to the water to drink. Birds, especially those which go in flocks, find these watering-places a convenience. It is curious to see that tame pigeons retain the peculiar drinking habits of their wild ancestors. I saw several flocks one afternoon swooping down successively to a drinking-place opposite the farm to which the birds belonged. Instantly my memory was

carried back to the banks of a little Punjab river, where, while waiting for sand-grouse, I used to see the blue rock-pigeons drop down for their morning drink before going off to the fields. Here were tame birds, absolutely without fear or apprehension of any kind, taking a hurried sip, and darting into the air immediately afterwards, exactly like their untamed, shy kindred of the Punjab hills. This quick springing into the air after a hurried drink is, no doubt, because the pigeon, with its weak feet but powerful wings, feels that it is only safe while in the air. It is odd that tame birds after so many generations should have retained a habit which is absolutely without meaning for them.—B.

#### FERRETS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accounts of tame ferrets in your recent issues in no way surprise me. My little Cocotte, a female ferret, is about as remarkable a pet as one can find. She follows the inmates of the house like a dog, and plays hide and seek to perfection; but one thing in which she is quite wonderful is when she hears music. She pricks up her small ears, listens intently, waving her body to and fro. We are teaching her to sit up on her hind legs at the sound of "Rule, Britannia!" and bolt at "Die Wacht am Rhein."—MATTIE HARRISON.

#### AN AGED CAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Our cat, whose photograph accompanies this letter, is a female, with all the formation of head and the dark markings of the male, and is a tabby. She was one of five kittens born at my office, and will be nineteen years of age at Christmas. She has only had two families of kittens—three on one occasion and, I think, two on the second—and was a very negligent mother. The strangest part about this cat is that she has never been out of our house for a single night, and, needless to say, is a great pet. She seems to know twelve o'clock noon as well as any of the household. At this hour, on the stroke of twelve, she comes to the pantry, where her fish is kept, and actually demands it, sitting up till she is served. There has been no special feeding observed—fish mainly, and in the morning oatmeal porridge and milk. She has a great fondness for soups and broths, and her strong predilection is for a nice bone of a game-bird in season—grouse or pheasant for choice. Another feature is her inquisitiveness—any parcel or package coming to the house has to be examined and investigated generally. The photograph shows an "ageing" cat. She is of immense size, bigger than any Tom I have seen, but is now getting smaller and her eye dim.—J. FRANCE.



#### BRITISH BATTLEFIELDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The proposal which has recently been made to erect a monument on the site of the battle of Flodden Field is, it will be generally admitted, both proper and praiseworthy. Few spots in our historic country are more interesting than those on which in days gone by great battles were "lost and won." Naseby and Newbury are commemorated by obelisks of modern date, and several other battlefields can boast similar memorials. The battle of Bosworth, which was fought in 1485, is, by reason of its Shakespearian associations, one of the most interesting combats in English history. The scene of the doughty encounter between Richard III. and Richmond is marked by the ancient and very curious well shown in the photograph. It stands on high ground near an ash tree some short distance from the village of Shenton, but by reason of its somewhat inaccessible situation is but little visited by even the most strenuous of American tourists. The well is known as "Dickon's Well," and, according to tradition, King Richard refreshed himself thereat in the course of the conflict which cost him his life. It was cleaned out and restored by Dr. Parr in 1812, and a tablet bearing a Latin inscription was placed upon it at the same time.—JOHN B. TWYCCROSS.

